JOHN BULL, AUGUST 4, 1928

Vol. XLIV. No. 1154.

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

FOR ANÆMIA

FOR SLEEPLESSNESS

17,000 DOCTORS can't be wrong

Wincarnis

The GOOD Tonic Wine

has been prescribed with unvarying success for over 40 YEARS

FOR DEBILITY

FOR NERVES

"JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— - -

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects. Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LTD.,
Proprietors of "John Bull."

Headache & Neuralgia
Relieved in 5 Minutes

DON'T let headaches spoil your work or your pleasure. Try the Yeast-Vite method. When out of sorts or depressed, take one or two Yeast-Vite Tablets and feel fresh and frisky in a few minutes. Composed of pure medicinal yeast, vitamins, and other valuable ingredients, Yeast-Vite Tonic Tablets bring relief by natural means and quickly induce a buoyant feeling of extreme vigour.

Yeast-Vite will also afford immediate relief for Indigestion, Biliousness, Dizziness, Depression, Colds, etc.

At all Chemists 1/3, 3/- 5/-, per bottle

KEEP A BOTTLE IN YOUR POCKET

CAUTION— See the name Irving's Yeast-Vite on every carton and bottle. Refuse fraudulent substitutes which are worthless.

Irvings
YEAST-VITE
TONIC TABLETS
The Lightning Pick-me-up

IRVING'S YEAST-VITE LABORATORIES, 19-10, LAYSTALL STREET, LONDON, E.C.1

JOHN BULL OFFERS YOU A 2/6 "EVERPOINTED" PENCIL FREE

The "John Bull" Pen worth 15/- and a 2/6 "Ever-pointed" Pencil Free! Total value 17/6. Send six coupons and p.o. for 4/- only, plus 3d. for postage and insurance, and save 13/6. Cash the Coupons!

Your name engraved in gold on the pen—6d.

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 6/- Lever Filler Pen fitted with 14-ct. gold nib, hidden feed, with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Ever-Pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons, any number up to five sets in all, ARE NEEDED, may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Those who may send six Coupons and p.o. for 4/3 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket clip 2d. extra. Name engraved in gold on pen 6d. extra. Cross above p.o. " & Co." Make payable to "John Bull." Write if over-seas—Inland with.—JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

JOHN BULL GREAT FREE INSURANCE GIFT

£625 for 3 Readers

Home Tragedy
£250

To Mr. W. H. Martin, 64, College Hill, London, whose wife, while cleaning a silver vase, dropped it, and, overjoyed and was killed.

Reader loses sight of eye
£125

to Mr. W. H. Clarke, 4, Clarence Street, Bethnal Green, E.2, who was chopping wood in the garden, when a piece flew up piercing his eye and blotting out the sight for ever.

Reader burned to death
£250

to Mr. W. Purvis, 58, Woodford Lane, Hounslow, Middx., found dead in bed, having too near the kitchen grate.

CUT HERE

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name in full (CAPITAL LETTERS.) Age .....

Address .....

.....

Reader's Signature .....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

.....

Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't send envelope. A certificate setting out the full details and conditions and entitling registration will be sent if 1d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY 2d. or 3d.

CUT HERE

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY 2d. or 3d.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

THE BEST HOUSE
IN the Kingdom for Wholesale Drapery, Bargains in Stockings, Frocks, Readymades, Travellers' Samples, etc. Oldest, Cheapest and Best. Write to-day for Catalogue and Original A.B.C. Guide, Post Free.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 2, Thomas Street, Manchester.

ADD TO YOUR INCOME
By selling Drapery and Remnants, best qualities, cheapest prices (no rubbish). List Free.—Clegg, Dept. B., Turner Street, Manchester (the old firm).

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, etc. Write for free cat. —H. Marks, 65, Houndsditch, London, E.1.

DRAPERY remnants for money-making. Wholesale lists free.—S. Lonsdale & Son, Dept. J.B., Textile Clearing House, Faulkner Street, Manchester.

200 LINES in money-making Bargains. Frocks, Hosiery, Overalls, etc. No rubbish. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for new price list.—Southwell, Halifax Road, Todmorden.

AGENTS WANTED.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run a bed-clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Particulars free. —Carlisle Mills Co., Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

EARN £3 WEEKLY and Bonus. Run Boots and Drapery Clubs amongst friends. No outlay.—Grove Mills Co. (Dept. M.), Birstall, Leeds.

DISTRICT CANVASSERS wanted. £5-£14 wkly. Splendid lines for Capable Kapid Salesmen. Write, Stanley's, 86, Warton Rd., Stratford, E.16.

XMAS Choc. & Jwlry. Club. Agents wanted. Spare time. From 10/- in £ comm. Terry's, Cadbury's, etc. Parties free.—Lovell's Popular Club, 191, Newington Causeway, London, S.E.

CHOCOLATE CLUB AGENTS WANTED. Good cash commission. Best makes only. 101 Varieties, including two lines of Silk Stockings. Write for illustrated catalogue and full particulars to.— Lodge, Dpt. 4, Kirkgate Chambers, Huddersfield.

10/6 IN THE £ Cash Commission. Xmas, Variety Clubs, Astounding Terms. Gold Watches Given. Agents Wanted. — DENNIS & CO. (Dept. J.), COLNE.

XMAS Chocolate and Cigarette Clubs. Spare time Agents wanted. Fry's, Rowntree's, Cadbury's, etc. Excellent Com. No outlay. Particulars free.—Samuel Driver, South Market, Leeds.

ACTIVE Agents wanted (either sex) to sell Private Xmas Cards. Experience not essential. Highest Com. Valuable Prizes. Free Sample Book. Apply, Denton & Co. (Dept. D.18), Accrington.

£5 EASILY made. Xmas Choc., Fancy Goods Club (Terry's, etc.). Agents wanted. Illust. Catalogue free.—Walker & Hannam (7th), Bradford.

WHISKY XMAS CLUB. Free Catalogue. Choc. (Terry's, Cadbury's, Rowntree's, etc.), Toys, Cigs. Bottle of Wine to Agents who reply.— Lovell Road Stores, Leeds. Estab. 30 years.

AGENTS! Give your Customers Samples. Our Expense. Choc. (Terry's, Cadbury's), Cigs., Toys. Astdg. Com. Hodbrand, Westgate, Bradford.

PRIVATE Christmas Cards. Agents wanted (either sex). Apply for most up-to-date & magnificent samples album & learn how easily you can earn big money.—Apply (Dept. 28), Private Xmas Card Mfg. Co., City Works, Manchester.

£3 WEEKLY easily earned by selling the Renowned "Mascot" Christmas Cards, Calendars & Novelties. Album that positively talks money supplied free. Write to-day.—Thos. Hobkirk & Co., Preston.

AGENTS wtd., Xmas Choc. & Cigarette Club. All Best Makes. Highest Cash Com. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed. Catalogues Free.— "Chocolate Box," Dept. B., Land's Lane, Leeds.

CHOC. CLUB Agents wanted. Cash com. All agents splendid free gift. Catalogue free.—The Yorkshire Conf. (J.H.) Co., Ward Green, nr. Barnsley.

AGENTS WTD.—Make Money selling Famous CASTLE Series Xmas Cards, Calendars. Sample Book of charming designs & novelties supplied FREE. Unequalled Com. Valuable Prizes.—Apply, Castle Publishing Co., 53, Anchor Ct., Preston.

WANTED, Christmas Card Agents for the renowned "Snowball" series. Book of Exquisite Art, Lucky Cat, Silhouette and Novelty Calendars and Cards free. £3 weekly easily earned. —Minster Press, Preston.

11/6 IN £ CASH COMMISSION. Chocolates, Cigarettes, Novelties. Lady EARNED £50 LAST SEASON. CASH PRIZES. FREE PRESENTS. Special Terms, Terry's, Rowntree's. Selling Outfit and Catalogue Free.—MIDLAND CONFECTIONERY CO. (B.49), SHIPLEY.

ENTERPRISING AGENTS who are seeking a really original series of Private Christmas Cards and Calendars should write to-day for an "Imperial Art" Sample Book. Record Commission. No Outlay.—Lancaster Publishing Co., Dept. 118, Imperial Works, Lancaster.

A BALMORAL BOOK OF PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS AWAITS EVERY ENTERPRISING AGENT. MOST WONDERFUL ORDER-GETTER PUBLISHED. MAGNIFICENT COLLECTION OF ORIGINAL NOVELTIES IN CALENDARS, PHOTOGRAVURES, JEWELLED & PICTURE CARDS, BOOKS FREE. HIGHEST COMMISSION & PRIZES. WRITE NOW TO STEWARTS, DEPT. A., COMMERCIAL MILLS, BLACKBURN.

RESIDENT Sole Buying Agent wanted. Article has big appeal. Every woman a customer. Quick seller. Good profits. Limited capital only required. Big opportunity for house-to-house trade. Territory will be granted to Agent appointed.—Reply to Box 2356, C.C. Bench, Ltd., 3, Tudor Street, London, E.C.4.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 9s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge 27s.

EMPLOYMENT.

ARE YOU TIRED OF ROUTINE WORK AT A SMALL WAGE? The sure way out of the rut is to become a travelling salesman. Train in your spare time by postal tuition under Wallace Attwood, Britain's Greatest Trainer of Salesmen. Thousands of men, without previous experience "on the road," have been lifted out of routine jobs and placed by Wallace Attwood with progressive firms. Many of them are now earning their £400, £500 and even up to four figures p.a. Wallace Attwood undertakes to introduce and recommend every trained student to firms of repute requiring Salesmen. Are you worth lifting out of the rut? If so, send postcard for book, "The Profession of Salesmanship" free. —The Wallace Attwood College, 267, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1. ('Phone: Chancery 7536.)

KNITTERS wanted to Work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage for output, experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—S. B. M. Co., Dept. 198, 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

MEN.—A few men will be accepted to train for employment as trade and private drivers. Enroll for Licensed L.C.C.—MOTOR DRIVERS' UNION, 39, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.1.

APPRENTICE CLERKSHIPS.

60 BOYS of good education between 16½ and 17 years of age required for training as clerks for the Royal Air Force. Thorough training given. Prospects and pay good. Examinations held in London and provincial centres. Boys possessing recognised School Certificates entered direct without examination.—Full particulars from Royal Air Force (Apprentice Clerks' Dept., J.B.), Gwydyr House, Whitehall, London, S.W.1.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES

START a Business in Drapery, etc., from £1 upwards. Special attention to Widows and Beginners.—Write for advice and list B. to Lovaine (Dept. J.B.), 145, Houndsditch, E.C.

8 Corns gone *after 4 footbaths.*

Why do you let your corns plague you a day longer? You can be rid of them quickly, painlessly, root and all, after a few Radox footbaths. Read this wonderful record of Radox corn removing. Then put your feet into a 15 minutes' Radox footbath.

"I had 5 corns on one foot and 3 on the other. After four footbaths with Radox, I could get hold of the corns and pull them out without any pain. I am very pleased to say that Radox not only took my corns out, but prevented them returning. Since I benefited so much by Radox I have made a practice of using it twice a week. I cannot praise it enough for what it has done for my feet." S. W. L., Melton Constable. 12th June, 1928.

And here's another:—

"For six years I was a sufferer from bad feet. I had eight nasty corns. Now I am glad to say that the eight corns have vanished; through using Radox Bath Salts every evening, I get them out. It takes about a week to make them disappear by using the amount mentioned on your instructions. I had to give up a very good situation owing to my bad feet, but I am glad to say that I am now fit for any duty that comes before me."

When you put your feet into a footbath containing Radox, the salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them, and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn-softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it may be lifted out bodily. The life-giving oxygen leaves the feet clean and healthy. Since it is the oxygen which carries the corn solvents to the root of the corn, and since Radox liberates, by test, more oxygen than any other salts on the market, it is clear that Radox is more efficient in removing corns than any other salts.

1/6 *Half pound pink packet*

Ask for Radox at your chemists, price 1/6 per ½ lb. pink packet, and 2/6 double quantity.

Radox Bath Salts

Give your feet that "Kneehen Feeling."

E. GRIFFITHS HUGHES, LTD., 68, Deansgate Arcade, MANCHESTER.

MOTOR DRIVERS WANTED. LET US TRAIN YOU. Smart young men to qualify for well-paid positions (no charge introductions). Over 60 letters of thanks a week from past pupils. Call and read them. The B.S.M. gives the best training and secures the best positions. Special inclusive fees. Call or write for further particulars. Act now!—British School of Motoring, Ltd. (estab. 17 years), Head Office, 8, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.1.

£150—£300 SALARY for Certificated Bookkeepers. Postal tuition 10s. month. Post found when qualified, or fee refd. Booklet, tests, free. —City Correspondence College (D.9), 69, New Oxford Street, London.

KNITTERS wanted to work IMPERIA Knitting Machines at home; experience unnecessary. We guarantee to buy your Work at good rates. Write for Free Book.—IMPERIA Hosiery Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. 69), 97, Gray's Inn Road, Ldn.

100 BOYS, 15 to 18½, wanted monthly for Australian farms. Great prospects for strong boys of good character. Advanced passages.— Write or call, 0/8, Church Army, 55, Bryanston Street, W.1.

ADVANCE YOUR POSITION as these men have done. Mr. J. Barker Pratt now earns £600 plus commission and expenses; Mr. T. Ebert, £600 a year; Mr. Clements, £280 plus commission and expenses. If these men can earn better pay after taking the B.S.H. Course of Salesmanship, surely you can, too. A few weeks of your spare time will set you on the road to success.—Write, phone or call for full detail. British School of Selling (Salesmanship, Ltd.), 56, Kingsway, W.C.2. Telephone: Holborn 0004/0005.

BARGAIN SALES.

"THE EXCHANGE AND MART" wants every reader of John Bull to send for a free specimen copy. "The Exchange and Mart" contains thousands of wonderful bargains offered for sale privately. 2d. every Thursday at all newsagents! Send p.c. now for your free copy to J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

WALLPAPERS direct from 3½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co., 68, Trinity Street, Leeds.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES 3/6 for 1¼ lb. Odd lots. Special value Navy yarn 3/10 lb. post free. Patts. of serges, tweeds, etc.—Egerton Burnett's Warehouse, Wellington, Som.

WALLPAPERS from mills from 3½d. roll. New Designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. B), Northdale Road, Manchester.

KNITTING WOOLS. Hand or Machine. New Direct Exchange Savings. 1¼ oz. Reg. 7½. Underclothing Wools, etc., 10½d. lb. 400 patterns Free.—Border Wools Co., 180, New Bridge Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

A POSTCARD to R. F. Hunter, Ltd., Dept. J.B., 29, Bedford Street, London, W.C.2, will bring you free and complete booklet about HAUP SYSTEM WIGS and photographic suggestion free advt. on page 18.

SEND for free bargain catalogue (56 pages) by SHIRLEY BROS., whose wonderful suit offer appears on page 68 in this issue.

WHO'S WHO IN FINLAND.—Just published, biographical Year Book of over 1,450 Men and Women of the Moment. All about everybody connected with the time. The most complete book on the subject yet published; 216 pages—Price 2/9 in stiff coloured cover or 3/9 in cloth cover, post free from Finnscrapor Salon, 41, Drury Lane, London, W.C.2.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA.—Buy direct, save middlemen's profits. Indian and Ceylon specially blended, 4 lb. 1/6, 10 lb. 2/6. Carr. paid. TEA DUST, 7 lb. 1/-, 14 lb. 2/6. Poulter & Co., Dane Place, Bow, E.3.

PENSHURST EGG PLUMS, excellent for cooking or jam, direct from Grower. Price 12/- (including railway carriage); 14 lb. 4/6, 28 lb. 9/-, 42 lb. 13/-. Cash with order. Ready about August 6th.—E. B. Swift, Longden Hill Fruit Farm, Evesham, Worcestershire.

DRESS.

BABY'S Unequalled 36-piece Layette, 29/6. Robes, Gowns, Nighties, Vests, Flannels, Barges, Mat. Coats, Shawls, Towels, Napkins. Genuine bargain. First in quality. Send 21/- for pcl. approv. —Mrs. J. Howard, 46, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

BABY'S LOVELY LAYETTE, 30/-. 35 guarnt'd pieces; Shawls, Flannels, Robes, Vests, Napkins, etc. Send 21/- for parcel. Approv.— Mrs. E. Barker, 31a, Brougham Road, Southsea.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES, 24/-; motors, 9/-; accessories, Violins, Accordions, cheapest. 24-page list, 2d. How to make Gramos.—Ingersoll, 130, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

UKULELES, Banjos, Drums, Jazz-Sets, Saxophones, Violins, Gramophones, Mandolins. Lists free. Palmer's, 158, Linthorpe Rd., Middlesbro'.

LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, ETC.

SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking Parrots with Cages from 20/-. Singing Canaries, 10/-. 3 months' trial.—List 17, Chapmans, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Aztec Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamps for Free Pamphlet.—Sidgrad Tablet Co., 25-27, Dashwood, Surby.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks' Rupture appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (468), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials.—Write, The Anankee Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

MEDICAL RESEARCH Discovery cures Bladder Weakness and Kidney Troubles. Ask for PARKER'S FLUID REMEDY. 2/-, at Boots', Taylor's, etc., or from Parker's Remedy, Ltd., 39, Hamilton Sq., Liverpool. Sample 4d.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS.—Don't waste money on quack remedies; cure yourself as I did. Interesting book on cure of self-consciousness sent privately for 2d.—Henry Payne (J.B. 46), 40, Lambs Conduit Street, W.C.1.

PILES. Why suffer? HEMOCOL, the new discovery, relieves at once. No instrument. No ointment. No medicine. Doctors use it. Trust yourself at home. Save an operation. 5/- post free, or stamp for free booklet.—Hemocol Chemists (Dept. D.), Hamedon Road, E.W.18.

FREE! A sample of BISHOP'S MINERAL WATER VASALETTES (containing curative properties of Continental waters) is offered to every reader who sends the coupon appearing in the advt. on page 21. Send this coupon at once and you will also receive a free booklet, "How to Enjoy Mineral Spring Treatment at Home."—Address: Alfred Bishop, Ltd., Dept. J. B., 46, Spelman Street, London, E.1.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Scrap, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite), Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 253, Oxford Street, London.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, Platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Road, Leeds.

FOR MOTORISTS.

TYRES & ACCESSORIES. Wkly. payments. All makes. Brand New Tyres, Accessories or Spares. Dynamos from 5/-. No enquiries. Below cost.

GOOD reliable Tyres, soiled or slightly used. All sizes. 700 x 80 to 935 x 135. £1 each. Carriage paid. Approval against cash.—London Car Co., 84, Theobalds Road, W.C.1.

SECOND-HAND Motor Tyres from 5/- to 35/-, guaranteed 5,000 miles, list free.—Imperial Rubber Co., Cambridge Terrace, Chapeltown Road, LEEDS.

PROPERTY FOR SALE.

SUNNY Dorset, nr. beach. Medically recommended. Houses fr. £450. Moor 25/- Water, sewerage. Will let land for farming. Splendid opportunity Guest Houses. Littleton Grange, Somerton, Som.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MONKEY GLAND REJUVENATION.—Read articles and speeches in the Anti-Vivisection and Humanitarian Review (May-June) on Voronoff and his teaching by Dr. Dr. Beddoe Bayly, Miss Lind-af-Hageby, the Duchess of Hamilton, La.-Col. Bengrgan, C.B., LL.D., Mr. Hanpen Swaine, Mr. George Arliss, the Rev. R. O. Bosenkier, and Mr. Charles Pitney. Publishing Office, 58, Old Bond Street, W.1. Price, post free, 9½d.

PROBLEMS OF CHECKED GREY HAIR!—Read T. Bowen Partington's frank talk on an intimate subject in to-day's "REALITY & STRENGTH," 2d. at all newsagents; 4d. by post from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville St., E.C.1.

Samples of QUEEN SHAVING CREAM AND SHAVING SOAP are offered on page 18.

£1,000 in cash prizes is offered by the proprietors of METROPOLE GRAMOPHONE RECORDS. A free ticket in a ballot is given away with every record purchased. Send 2/0 for a competition record to the British Chartists Association, Dept. J.B.2, 105, Kingsway, London, W.C.1, and enter now! Further particulars appear in the advt. on page 21.

THE Proprietors of SPRATT'S Dog Cakes and Puppy Biscuits offer a helpful little booklet free in their advt. on page 24.

"I get my KODAK ROLL FILMS *free*-"

Yours for 50 Coupons *from*

Black Cat

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

Another Black Cat Achievement

Only a good gift with a good name is good enough for a good cigarette

TO THE BLACK CAT CIGARETTE CO.
(Dept. S), Gifts Dept., 12, Bath St., City Road, London, E.C.1.
Please send me Free Booklet and Five Free Coupons.

Name .....

Address .....

ONLY ONE OF THESE SIGNED COUPONS ACCEPTED

10 for 6D.

These films are not sent by post. Send 50 Coupons to the Black Cat Cigarette Co., 12, Bath Street, E.C.1., and you will receive a voucher, which you can exchange for a Kodak Film No. 120, obtainable only from any Kodak dealer.

ONE SIZE ONLY AVAILABLE No 120 3¼ × 2½ in.

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Gerrard 9570.
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

Week ending Saturday, Aug. 4, 1928. Twopence. Vol. XLIV. No. 1158.
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage all over the world, 1d.

JOHN BULL

For the People—the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

WITHOUT FEAR or FAVOUR

Disgruntled!

Parliament is rising with the members of the Government not too pleased with each other and far from happy about the future. Things have not gone well.

Significant.

Far from showing the usual end-of-session eagerness to disappear on holidays, Ministers are everywhere addressing crowds of thousands. Speeches are divisible in two, one half being a pathetic attempt at self-justification, the other vague optimism as to the future.

Lost Steam.

Neither self-justification nor optimism cuts much ice with hard-headed northerners. Seeing the misery around them, they are interested in nothing but plans to remove it.

Modern Micawbers.

What Mr. Baldwin hopes to achieve for coal by a new "survey of the situation" is as cryptical as his utterances. Why drop the real survey, which is the Samuel Report?

Sit-Tight Tactics.

What would happen in home, farm, or factory if everybody sat still for four years and did nothing has happened in the coalfields. A state of chaotic misery has resulted, almost impossible to reduce to prosperity and order.

We Agree.

The Labour vote of censure held one crushing truth. The attitude of the Government towards the distressed calls for condemnation. We prophesy it will get it at the General Election.

We Arraign.

We repeat that the misery in the coalfields must command the attention of the whole nation. If every keen business man thought out "What steps should I take if this business was mine?" sensible suggestions might result.

The Tinkers.

Employers are at the old game of trying to cure industrial trouble by lowering the wage-earners' standard of living. It can't be done.

Feeble!

Rating "relief" after eighteen months for coal districts perishing now was obviously absurd as a "cure." Under long pressure the Government has advanced part of its plans by ten months. But why begin with so ridiculous a proposal?

As Usual.

Even now the Government shies away from the big things—the real remedies. To hide behind "cost" is just shiftlessness. Land settlement and land drainage—properly handled—could be made to pay for themselves.

Buttered Both Sides.

Churchill can afford £2,000,000 a year for emigration. Why not risk a trifle for home colonisation? That is twice blessed—it multiplies at one stroke both producers and buyers.

The White Light.

The House of Commons is a mirror reflecting the new spirit. Peace is the aggressor, militarism on the defensive. It is a clear proof that as the people decide so Parliament speaks.

Conflict.

The Kellogg proposals are simple. Diplomacy is busily trying to render them complex. Mobilised public opinion is a wind of common-sense that must be kept moving to keep the air clear.

The Search.

Forty religious organisations are meeting at Geneva to "find a common basis" upon which to combine their forces for peace. They needn't look long if they concentrate on Bethlehem and forget creeds.

Raw Material.

Last week 200,000 boys and girls left elementary schools, for good or, if allowed to drift to swell the unemployment problem and become themselves unemployed, for evil. Which shall it be?

Good Stuff.

Those leaving school are, according to experts, the finest specimens of young Britons ever reared. Only a nation blind to its best interests would submit to them being snatched from their lessons half-baked.

A Good Lead.

The Royal Commission investigating schemes of child endowment in Australia might well set a similar ball rolling here. Who saves a child makes a citizen. Neglect turns it into a liability, or even a jail-bird.

Land Marks.

The Board of Agriculture would be well advised to notice the number of farmers giving "notice to quit." Like rats leaving a ship, agriculturists leaving the land denotes rottenness somewhere.

Bald Truth.

"Farmers in general," says Sir Daniel Hall, "cannot to-day make a living by the methods to which they have been brought up." New days need keen brains for new ways of working, but the first consideration is the land itself.

JOHN BULL

Important Notice to Registered Readers.

HOLIDAYS! To remain qualified for the benefits offered under "John Bull's" Great Free Insurance Gift, readers are reminded that it will be necessary to show, that before leaving on their holidays, they instructed their newsagent to recommence the regular delivery of "John Bull" immediately on their return, and that they purchased "John Bull" whilst away.

Hopeless Outlook.

All agriculture in this country must either slow down or stand at a deadlock until the land is unlocked. Any Government neglecting to put that reform in its programme is foredoomed.

Crying Shame.

Whole families in the neighbourhood of Colchester have been smitten with illness through drinking pond water. The non-provision of water systems in British rural areas is all part of the scandalous land system.

French Forwardness.

In six years at the present rate of expansion every village in France will have electrical supply. But Frenchmen own and work their land and live in their villages. That explains it.

A Lure Needed.

Railway journeys as now run are the last word in discomfort compared to road travel. Their great asset is safety, but it must be wedded to some decent comfort for passengers before it will pay.

As Ye Sow . . .

A bicycle sent per L.M.S. from Leicester to London was delivered in six days. Who can wonder that business men prefer road transport that will deliver it in one?

Hearts, No Trumps.

The Brighouse ambulance may not answer emergency calls until assurance of cost being defrayed is received. The "man who passed by on the other side" may have been deaf. Brighouse is downright inhuman.

Carcase Sacks.

The revelation that nightshirts of sacking are issued to casuals in some workhouses is disgusting. Men whom poverty has hounded into down-and-outs haven't forfeited all human rights.

Hunger.

Last year at this time 2,965 Manchester children were receiving free meals because of parents' destitution, but this year the figure is 3,831. Even the children suffer when markets are lost through lax business methods.

Lost!

Orders for locomotives at £4,579 for Egyptian State Railways have been placed with an Italian firm, the lowest British tender being £5,295. How much of the difference is due to coal royalties and high freightage?

Contrast.

On the other hand, the lowest tender may not mean the finest workmanship where locomotives are concerned. If speed combined with safety is the test, British railways have it.

JOHN BULL

WITHOUT FEAR or FAVOUR

Willing Enough!

Voluntary work put in by local unemployed miners saved £1,000 in building the Penywaun recreation hall and institute. What a smack in the eye for those who bleat about men without jobs not wanting them.

Sensible Memorial.

No finer memorial could be erected to the 2,000 fallen of West Ham than the world's most modern hospital, to be opened by the Queen later on. When the nation is bent on healing suffering, the sooner it will cease the strife that causes it.

Drunken Danger.

Fines amounting to £12 14s., including costs, were imposed on William Thomas Hoare, a Bradford electrician, for twice being convicted of being drunk in charge of a car. Why on earth was his licence not permanently suspended?

Wrong Medicine.

The Bishop of Chelmsford spoke plain English when he described as "cowardly" the Galleywood parishioners who pelted with eggs and soot a vicar with whom they had disagreed. All over the country Churches have serious sores to heal. But not with tar or soot or eggs.

Pity the "Lags"!

An annual average of 30,000 discharged prisoners is helped by various voluntary discharged convicts' aid societies. We shall never succeed in overcoming the enormous difficulties of getting the ex-jail bird work until the matter is State extended, organised and subsidised.

Dangerous Toys.

Though their sale was sanctioned by the Metropolitan Commissioner of Police, we are glad that Henry Wendorf, a Sunderland fancy-goods dealer, was fined 20s. for selling toy pistols capable of conversion into deadly firearms. This is the way to prevent many a fatal accident.

Sad Nursery.

About 450, or 7¼ per cent., of the schoolchildren in Westmorland are dull and backward, necessitating special treatment. Are the health and housing committees sitting up and taking notice? The overcrowded home is too often the nursery of the under-nourished brain.

Finding Work.

Work on the new section of the ring-road at Seacroft will provide work for 144 men for two years. The construction will probably cost £40,000, but it is gratifying to know that at least one Corporation does not believe in paying men to be idle. Why don't the others wake up?

Callous Crowd.

It passes belief that 150 people watched little Arthur Ratcliffe, aged four and a half years, drown while trying to reach his toy yacht on Birkenhead Park Lake and made no attempt at rescue. We approve the coroner's compliment to P.C. Somerville who finally arrived and dived in. He was a man.

Needed Lesson.

More than 500 houses have been built at Northwich, but families have still to exist in dilapidated dwellings in courts or built back-to-back. The rents of healthy homes are beyond them. Condemn legislators to the same conditions for their families and something would be done to bring down building prices.

Right Step.

The Social Science Research Training Committee has taken a step in the right direction by offering scholarships. The world has nearly been wrecked by having its economic problems settled by soldiers and diplomats at Versailles. It might even be completely wrecked by well-meaning politicians, who do not understand the economic implications of their theories. Trained brains are needed to combat both evils.

Sound Foresight.

When Southwark Cathedral is enlarged and beautified, under the terms of a recent bequest, a charming "children's corner" will be made for the boys and girls of the neighbourhood. That's how it should be. New schemes that do not take account of the new generation are foredoomed to failure.

Stubborn Steppers.

London might well follow the example of Paris, where summonses amounting to a score a day are being issued against pedestrians who cross roads at other than regulation points. With reckless motorists we have no sympathy, but unwary walkers are responsible for at least as many accidents as they.

Kiddies' Playground.

Manchester and Salford's eight public sand-gardens for children primarily under school age are each under the control of a play leader, cost only £25 to make, are disinfected twice weekly, and have been attended during 1927 by 133,374 children. What a first-rate boon to busy mothers for other cities to copy.

Character Spoiled.

The career of Bertha Alexander Comley, recently a nurse at a Norwich hospital, has been fearfully marred by a series of convictions for petty thefts, for which she has been alternately bound over, sent to jail and latterly to three months' hard labour. This is no way to cure kleptomania. If magisterial enterprise and mental science could join hands, she and her kind might overcome it.

The Human Machine

KNOW HOW!

by *E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.*

THE man who gets on in this world is the man who knows how to do something really well. It always pays to be a real master of one thing at least.

A machine once went wrong and the owner sent for a workman to put it right.

The man came and looked at the machine. After a little while he tapped it with a hammer and it worked again.

In due course he sent in his bill. It was for £5 5s. The owner of the machine sent for him. He said that £5 5s. seemed a lot for just tapping the machine with a hammer.

The workman said he would send in another bill. He did so.

The new bill read: "To tapping machine with hammer, 5s.; to knowing how and where to tap, £5."

The bill was paid!

IT is always knowing how that counts in life.

It is the people who know how who get the good jobs and the good money.

It is always the bottom of the ladder that is crowded: there is plenty of room at the top—because so few ever take the trouble to climb there.

It is no good just envying the expert; the man who becomes an expert is only the man who has taken trouble and pains to master some subject and really get on top of it.

He is only a man who has pinned his faith to work.

Any fool can get a hammer and hit something with it. It is only a man who has mastered life who can take a hammer and hit—knowing just how and where to hit.

No matter how old you may be, knowledge is still power.

It is only the man who knows who can get ahead.

Go on, Guardians!

We are all for the Bangor and Beaumaris Board of Guardians who, in reply to criticism by the Health Minister of their scheme of work for payment of outrelief, would like to hear if he has a better. An arrangement by which unemployed may in time hope to be in permanent employment is to be highly commended, not criticised.

Ban the Guns.

Flying bullets and a fisherman's hut damaged by firing are reported from Chickerell, near Weymouth, where the military authorities have closed a stretch of cliffs and foreshore to the public for machine-gun and rifle-range practice. Thus the mere implements of war destroy peace. By what right does the War Office ban the beach in holiday time?

No Wonder!

Two little silver medals a soldier earned in the Great War and his few souvenirs of that world-tragedy the Manchester Guardians attempted to auction after the hero-owner's death in their institution. But "in remembrance" the sale was stopped. Not by the guardians, but by people who cried "Shame!" on them for offering the lot.

Slavery Not Dead.

Mr. Justice Rice, at Leitrim County Court, used strong words in condemnation of boys from English orphanages being taken as "farm apprentices" on Irish farms and becoming virtual slaves on 2s. a week wages. Since Mr. Justice Rice wondered "how the English Government can tolerate this white slavery," when does the Home Office propose to look into it?

False "Economy."

Between 1924 and 1927, fifty-one infants' schools were closed and 286 infants' departments merged into other departments, in each case a woman teacher being dismissed or given a lower status. That babies should be put under a man teacher is a reversal of the natural order, but that qualified women teachers should be dismissed to bring it about is a national scandal.

War Babies.

"For the sake of the children" thousands of fathers went to war. What irony that the Bournemouth Education Committee attributes the considerable fall in efficiency standards of the elementary school children to their birth during the war period. It is our duty to see that the no less fine sacrifices of parents to-day shall be made in the cause of construction, not destruction.

Cruel Farce.

Even men were moved to tears when twenty-four-year-old Josephine Moore, found guilty of murdering her baby because it was hungry and she had no money, was sentenced to death at Belfast. This poor creature, of weak intellect, forsaken by the man who made her a mother, will not be hung. So why go through the gruesome and ghastly business of sentencing her?

Workers' Wages.

After the fullest investigation, Mr. A. W. Ashby, the agricultural expert and statistician, has come to the conclusion that 47s. per week is the least possible wage on which an agricultural labourer can supply the elementary needs of himself and family. To state that the industry is incapable of meeting so moderate a demand is a confession of bad organisation, out-of-date methods and muddled markets.

Remaking Men.

Efforts on behalf of casuals are not always wasted, for the Home of St. Francis in Dorsetshire took thirty men off the roads for employment at market-gardening, weaving and printing. The men receive a small amount while there, one recently leaving with £5, to take up a position found for him. A scheme that private enterprise can make successful could surely be adopted by the Government. Why not more labour colonies?

Duping Doctors.

Jean Muriel Atherton, of Cardiff, while living with her father, got money out of seventeen doctors by pretending that he was dead and his allowance stopped. It is madness to send a girl of twenty-two, previously convicted of fraud, to twenty-one days' imprisonment. She needs a long period of corrective training.

Too Slow for Him.

When Mr. David Logan, of the Liverpool Housing Committee, moved that four tenement blocks be erected at once because of the scanty low-rented accommodation in the central areas, a motion for a report to be obtained from the housing director was carried. Thereupon Mr. Logan resigned. If he can carry his disgust into hustling building we will shake hands with him.

Hope for Youth.

The latest circular letter from the Home Office to magistrates is full of sound sense. Courts must only send youth to prison as a last resort, and must remember that Borstal is suitable only for serious offences for which other treatment is inappropriate. Best of all is the suggestion of hostels where lads or girls may live under supervision and go out to daily work. Local authorities must take this strong hint.

What a Mother!

When Ada Banting, thirty-four, of Ormside Street, Old Kent Road, and her daughter Lily, aged fourteen, were charged with stealing a clock from a Peckham shop, the magistrate, realising the effect of the mother's influence, released the girl on probation. Ada's 40s. fine was an easy let-off, and it is hoped this leniency will make her seize the opportunity to make good and prevent her daughter becoming a criminal.

Within the Law.

"If you want to steal without coming within the grip of the law, you form yourselves into a limited company and draw money regardless of whether you can meet your obligations, and incur fresh debts without divulging the state of affairs," declared Judge Woodcock, K.C., at the compulsory winding-up of a Leeds firm of wholesale clothiers. It is time the penalty for such organised theft was at least equal to that of the individual who robs cash.

Quiet Work.

The work at Geneva must not crowd from public sympathy the continuous and magnificent work at The Hague. Since its foundation, the Permanent Court of International Justice has worked from 150 to 200 days a year and now finds it necessary to budget for 240 days' session annually. Settling claims between nations, keeping down pride and passion and preventing "incidents" that lead inevitably to war, it is news of value to the world.

What a Puzzle!

A Swedish motorship and a Liverpool steamship collided in the Suez Canal in 1925. Mr. Justice Hill, assisted by two nautical assessors, decided that it was the fault of one ship; the Court of Appeal, likewise advised by two different assessors, decided the other one was at fault. Now, more than three years later, the House of Lords, advised by two still different assessors, has decided that both were to blame. So that's that! What happens now?

Toy's Tragic Toll.

Having a halfpenny to spend, a six-year-old Clapham child purchased a novelty known as an "Indian Spear," which consisted of a sharp-pointed "spear" of cardboard and cane, with an elastic device for propelling it through the air with considerable force. His little sister now lies in St. Thomas's Hospital, having been accidentally shot in the centre of the right eye, and there is grave danger that she will lose the sight of that organ. We fear that harbingers of tragedy are too often handed over the toyshop counter.

Save the Seamen.

For thirty years the mortality of seamen has been and is still quite beyond the range of land experience, largely owing to the want of cubic space, water-supply and sanitation in ships. It is revolting that the Government should grant an indirect subsidy for two years of £90,000 for the manufacture of naval armaments and let the crews that bring our food supplies stifle in wretched hulks.

Hardly in Good Taste.

A pathetic letter reaches us from a New Cumnock widow, who, having been bereft of both her husband and daughter within two months, has just received an advertising device from a sculptor in Ayr. This takes the form of a blotter, with a pictorial representation of various tombstones and crosses for which estimates can be given. "Fancy blotting my letters with this!" writes this poor widow. Most people will agree that publicity of this nature is in questionable taste.

Another Doorstep Diddle.

A polite stranger has been operating in South Devon as a canvasser for "Rayden," a specific for "all foot troubles." Those who purchase a sixpenny carton are assured that a handsome white damask table-cloth will be presented free, providing they make written application to an address in Queen's Road, Northampton. As the postal authorities state that the address in question is "not known," housewives should turn a deaf ear to this tempting offer.

Another Mascot Monger.

A Whitstable reader writes to say that a door-to-door vendor has been busy in her district offering a sixpenny lucky mascot for sale. The latter takes the form of a little doll, and is known as the "Lucky Babe." It is said to be a replica of one picked up by an English soldier in Ypres, who thereafter enjoyed remarkable luck. Good luck in sweepstakes seems the babe's strong suit just now, but it is significant that the vendor has still to trudge on his weary round.

Preying on the Poorest.

The present position of miners is more to be deplored than that of any other body of workers in the land, yet these were the victims chosen by a mean swindler named Gunter, who hails from Camden Town. Advertising a post as restaurant manager, he demanded £5 as a guarantee, though he had no situation to offer. One man sent the money, and another pawned his clothing in order to pay his fare to London. Four months' imprisonment was a good deal less than Gunter deserved.

A Dangerous Practitioner.

William Patrick Faulkner, the ex-carpenter who set out to conquer new worlds by establishing himself as a sun-ray practitioner in Praed Street, London, has met with a just reward. Charged with obtaining money by false pretences, he has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment with hard labour, strong comment being made in court upon the dangerous nature of his activities. This is all the more gratifying in view of the fact that Faulkner was criticised in these columns as far back as February last!

The Meanest Trick.

A poor old woman, living in one room in London, was robbed by a miserable trick. A "lady" called, posing as a relative of the former vicar's wife, and promised her a visit to her country house, fetching her by car. After mentioning many names known to the old lady, who is nearly blind, the "lady" said she wanted to buy provisions, but had lost her bag and asked for a loan. The old woman gave her life's savings, a few pounds only, and that was the last she heard of her visitor. It seems incredible.

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"John Bull" pays £625 this week to three readers under its great Free Insurance Gift. (See page 2.)

Problems of Life

Friends & *Enemies*

by *the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.*

THE well-known journalist and playwright, Caradoc Evans, wrote an article in a weekly paper a year or more ago wherein he detailed some of his personal recollections.

Caradoc Evans

One of these was that he came to the City Temple in great trouble of mind on one occasion hoping to see me and receive some friendly counsel, but that when he sent in his name the curt message came back, "Mr. Campbell will not see you."

Never have I sent such a message to anyone; but when I read this statement I instantly knew what had happened. The message was invented by the military gentleman who acted as janitor and who thought I had already seen as many people as I ought to see that day.

THERE is no reason why I should not disclose his identity. He is Colonel Lee, a near neighbour and friend of mine.

I took Caradoc Evans' article to him and said: "Do you see what you did twenty years ago? Without telling me a word about it you sent a man away with a sore heart and with a snub that rankled in his mind. You caused him to feel a groundless resentment against me to which he has at last given vent. Aren't you sorry?"

"Not a bit," he shouted; "I would do it again." Then he roared with laughter.

What happened next I hate to put in print as it may lead to homicide. When the colonel had stopped laughing at my indignation, he gave utterance to a devastating, soul-shattering, utterly unforgiveable question. "And who is this Caradoc Evans, any way?" he demanded.

Oh, Caradoc, Caradoc, this is worse than anything that your outraged Welsh compatriots have ever said about you for the unpleasant things you have said about them. I was so shocked that I ceased arguing with the colonel. I can only apologise for him.

Well-meaning friends often get us into difficulties, don't they? "Save me from my friends" is an ejaculation of abounding frequency. The late W. T. Stead once improved on it in conversation with me. "Thank God for your enemies," he said; "they are of far more use to you than your friends."

I AM not prepared to subscribe to this hardy view; I still like friends better than enemies.

Everybody knows the Scottish toast, "Here's tae us. Wha's like us? Naebody." But not everybody knows the less clannish one which I heard for the first time the other day: "Here's to my friends, and confound my relations."

Let us confound neither relations nor friends; but it is never well to strain friendship or talkativeness or intrusiveness.

Respect your friend's privacy, his reserves, his independence of judgment, or you may lose him. And with the best intentions you may do much harm.

A LOW-DOWN LEGAL LEECH

The Street Accident Ghoul

The Rt. Hon. Sir William Bull, M.P., who, as a prominent member of the Law Society, would be doing a great public service by raising this matter in the House of Commons

FOR a long time a sinister society has operated from offices in the neighbourhood of Holborn and elsewhere. It is known as the Legal Aid Society, but a more misleading title has seldom been adopted.

Through the medium of alert agents, it gets to know the details of street accidents, and then, by unsolicited circular letters, urges upon the injured persons the desirability of claiming compensation.

These circulars are printed upon imposing notepaper, decorated by an embossed emblem of the conventional figure of Justice, holding her scales, with eyes bandaged.

In no uncertain terms the Legal Aid Society states that it will be pleased to assist the injured person to obtain the maximum amount of compensation "without the least worry or trouble."

And, with a great parade of generosity, it asserts that no charge whatever will be made unless compensation is obtained, and even in that event it will be content with a modest 2s. in the pound "towards the working expenses of the society."

Misguided clients

Many people receiving such an unprofessional communication would consign it to the waste-paper basket.

They would either consult a solicitor direct, or if too poor to pay his fees, they would take advantage of the splendid advice given free to poor persons by the legal experts attached to the Poor Litigants' Department at the Royal Courts of Justice.

But there are others, not so well versed in the world's affairs, who would see no danger-signal in the touting society's offer. It is on such folk that the society thrives.

Let us see how some misguided clients of the Legal Aid Society have fared after accepting its invitations.

A few months ago, a Mr. William Rowe, a carman, living in poor circumstances in Mason Street, Old Kent Road, London, was favoured with an unsolicited circular of the type referred to.

His child had been knocked down by a motor-car belonging to a Woolwich dentist, and, as usual, the society had got to know of the affair through one of its touts.

Believing the society to be all that its name suggested, Mr. Rowe placed himself in its hands and an action was brought against the dentist for compensation.

But things did not turn out as the Legal Aid Society had so confidently prophesied. Mr. Rowe, whose weekly stipend amounts to 45s., lost the day and costs amounting to £24 were awarded against him!

After this the Legal Aid Society faded out of the picture, and the dentist, who could not afford to lose the amount due to him in costs, next summoned Mr. Rowe for the £24.

The case came before the local county court, where Mr. Rowe put forth a pitiful plea.

"I would not have taken proceedings," he told the judge, "but for the letter I received from the Legal Aid Society."

Lad's bitter experience

So an order was made for him to pay the costs by monthly instalments, while the mischievous letter from the Legal Aid Society was retained by the court and despatched to the Law Society for attention.

In another instance, the eighteen-year-old son of a costermonger, named Ashton, met with an accident. The injuries he received were happily slight, and he was able to return to his employment a day or two later.

But the Legal Aid Society was soon on the scene and, as in the previous instance, urged the boy to bring an action for damages.

He lost the case, and being inaccurate in his statements, later found himself prosecuted at the Old Bailey for perjury!

Sir Ernest Wild very properly asked Detective-Sergeant Lewis, of Scotland Yard, what the Legal Aid Society really was, and the detective's evidence proved illuminating.

After explaining that the society employed touts at hospitals and other places to furnish names and addresses immediately after an accident had happened, Sergeant Lewis added that sometimes the touts would even go into the hospital to interview a person in a serious condition!

Sir Ernest Wild, for his part, was loud in denouncing the society. Stating that its activities created a pernicious state of affairs, he asked if the Director of Public Prosecutions was pursuing enquiries into its *bona fides*.

Public danger

So far, however, nothing has been done. Yet overwhelming evidence is available to show that the Legal Aid Society constitutes a grave public danger.

Take the case of Mr. Joseph Horrocks, of Wendover Road, Eltham, S.E.

This gentleman met with an accident a month or two ago, and, acting on the gratuitous advice of the Legal Aid Society, brought an action against the owner of a car which had knocked him down.

But for the unsolicited "advice" he would not have invoked the law at all. As it was he lost his case and was later sued for costs amounting to £23.

Caustic comments

In ordering him to pay by monthly instalments, the judge made the following caustic comments on the society's methods.

Addressing Mr. Horrocks, he observed: "It is a perfectly scandalous thing. This is the way this sort of case is stirred up.

"You have been a victim of these people, who induced you to bring your action by posing as philanthropists when, as a matter of fact, they are simply on the make. I shall send their letter to the Law Society."

But what is the use of learned judges taking the trouble to bring this evil to the notice of the Law Society if it can do nothing to mend matters?

As far back as 1926 the Legal Aid Society was criticised by Judge Sherwell Cooper, who, sitting in the Mayor's Court at the City of London Guildhall, heard a case very similar to those enumerated above.

A London fish-porter was knocked down by a cart in the Billingsgate fish market. He was not seriously hurt, however, and thought no more about the matter until he received a letter from the Legal Aid Society. Then, acting on its advice, he claimed damages.

Judge Sherwell Cooper, after hearing all the evidence, dismissed the case with costs. "This is a disgraceful case," he declared. "Purely speculative, it should never have been brought.

Judge's regret

"The Legal Aid Society, whom I regret to say I have already heard of, brought this action about."

In the face of this, why is the society permitted to continue in existence?

Originally it was run by a man named Osborne, and now it is solely in the hands of one Charles Martin, who is not, as might be expected, a solicitor, but a retired claims inspector once employed by a well-known omnibus company.

Mr. Martin's plan is to deduct 10 per cent. of the damages when recovered, but when his advice fails and his clients lose, he leaves them to face the burden of the costs alone.

The sooner he is compelled to close down his mischievous business the better.

A Dubious *Dealer*

Plausible Pompadour *Pedlar*

A WEEK or two ago a bright young man in a chocolate-coloured suit alighted at Lowestoft with a neat attaché-case, and called upon a lady who keeps a small refreshment-shop.

He claimed to have been recommended by a friend with whom he had done business, and gave the name of Mr. James Jackson.

As leading traveller for the Pompadour Linen Company, Ltd., of Manhattan Buildings, Belfast, he hoped to interest her in some first-class table-cloths, serviettes, etc.

The various samples were set forth for her inspection, and the quality was such that they met with the lady's instant approval.

Gushing guarantee

Mr. Jackson gave his most earnest assurance that any order she cared to place would receive most thoughtful attention, and she could rely upon his personal guarantee that all goods supplied would be equal in quality to those she now saw.

The good name of the Pompadour Linen Company, Ltd., was too precious, he averred, to be marred by the adverse comments of disappointed clients. It was its unswerving policy to supply only the best of everything.

The lady eventually placed an order to the value of £2 4s. 6d., and when Mr. Jackson explained that his company's terms were "cash with order," she handed him the money and was given a receipt.

In departing, Mr. Jackson assured her that the goods would reach her within seven days.

The stipulated time passed, however, without result, and we fear that there is little hope that the order will ever be fulfilled.

Several other people were victimised by Mr. Jackson before he left Lowestoft, and letters sent to the Pompadour Linen Company in Belfast have been returned marked "Not known."

But this plausible pedlar has been in evidence in Horsham, where, in the name of P. Richards, and still posing as a representative of the Irish company, he succeeded in obtaining one order for £2 9s. 9d.

Lesson to be learnt

In fact, complaints are beginning to accumulate from all parts of the country, and housewives everywhere should profit by the lesson to be learnt from this story and refuse to part with any money unless some tangible guarantee is given that the goods will be forthcoming.

Jackson, alias Richards, should be easily identified, being very dark, with thickly greased hair. He is a rapid talker, and speech reveals that one of his middle upper teeth is missing.

Any attempt he may make to repeat his above frauds should be reported immediately to the police.

A SIREN'S SAUCY SONG

Shiela's a Swindler!

CONSIDERABLE interest was aroused in the little Devonshire town of Cullompton recently by the arrival of a charming authoress from London, who took up her residence at a local hotel, with her eleven-year-old daughter.

Mrs. Shiela Roberta Carter was the name given by the lady from London, who was about thirty-six years of age, with fair bobbed hair, and large, wistful blue eyes.

At first she attracted attention by her extensive wardrobe, which included many beautiful dresses, purchased in all parts of the world.

But there was also something delightfully intriguing about her manner that more than one person found quite captivating.

As a busy journalist and authoress, she expressed herself enraptured with Cullompton, and intimated that it would be delightful to write in such peaceful surroundings.

Her secret tragedy

But one day Mrs. Carter confided to the manageress of the hotel that things were not quite as they seemed. Although she appeared light-hearted and happy, she was nursing a secret tragedy in her heart.

She had married a gentleman of wealth and standing, who had made her an ideal husband, and her sorrow was centred upon him.

They had travelled all over the world together, and while in the tropics he had been struck down by the heat. A sudden relapse had set in and he had gradually lost his reason.

He was now in a mental institution, where she had reluctantly arranged for him to be cared for, on their recent return from South America, where they had been in connection with his business affairs.

Owing to his tragic breakdown, she had been forced to get him back to London as best she could, and she had been obliged to leave all her husband's affairs in the hands of a solicitor out in South America.

Sympathy aroused

Large sums of money were owing to her from her husband's estate there, and she was expecting to hear from the solicitor any day.

Unfortunately, her husband had always been rather reticent about his private affairs, and as he was now too affected in his mind to be able to advise at all, she was forced to rely upon her far-away solicitor.

Meanwhile, however, she was thankful she was able to make a considerable income from her pen.

Talk of this kind at once aroused sympathy and disarmed suspicion; but when Mrs. Carter's hotel bill began to mount up and she was requested to pay something on account, nothing was forthcoming.

It would be quite all right, she declared. Several cheques were due to her from her publishers and some would be through in a few days.

Then came a morning when Mrs. Carter and her daughter did not put in an appearance at the breakfast-table. They had disappeared, leaving a substantial bill unpaid!

When the news of her sudden departure spread, it became apparent that Mrs. Carter had made a profitable sojourn in Cullompton.

She had ordered goods in the neighbourhood on a large scale, and had borrowed money on all sides.

One of her dupes was a clergyman whose sympathies she had enlisted by recounting similar stories of her fortune abroad and the sad details of her husband's terrible affliction.

She had told this clergyman that she was expecting a registered letter from Buenos Ayres any day with a remittance for her husband's upkeep in the mental institution.

Meanwhile, owing to the vexatious delay, she had to find the money to meet the heavy bill there, as her husband was naturally having the very best food and attention.

When all these facts were brought to light the local police were summoned, but Mrs. Carter was then far away, exploiting her charms elsewhere, and her stories of a South American fortune and a demented husband were proved to be false.

This is by no means the first time that people have been taken in by this fair deceiver.

Fabricated story

It is not long since she stayed at a fashionable hotel near Hyde Park, and recounted most plausible stories of promising contracts she had entered into with a firm of publishers in Fleet Street, which controls many important magazines and journals.

Colour was lent to her assertions by the fact that she was often seen in the hotel writing-room, apparently working away with gusto.

But when her account was presented she put off payment by stating that a cheque would be due from her publishers in a day or so, and even if that failed her there would be her regular allowance from her husband, who was at present abroad.

When this had gone on for some weeks and the management became more pressing, she mentioned the name of a Fleet Street firm and declared that it owed her a considerable sum. Further grace was granted her and she repaid this indulgence by disappearing suddenly.

In accordance with her usual practice, she had run up numerous bills in the vicinity and had borrowed money from various other guests at the hotel!

Needless to say, she is quite unknown to the Fleet Street firm, and the convincing story of her contracts was a sheer fabrication.

These disclosures, therefore, should put hotel proprietors on their guard, for there is no knowing where this siren scribe may turn up next.

Lord Beaverbrook, President of the Hotels and Restaurants Association, which should blacklist this rogue

Where DID THAT ONE GO TO, HERBERT?

We Demand a Balance-sheet!

MR. HAROLD MOSS, of Dickson Chambers, Dickson Road, Blackpool, has just been fined £25, plus £10 10s. costs, in respect of a charge of publishing a proposal and scheme for the sale of tickets in a lottery.

Behind this bald statement of fact lies a story of very vital interest to the public in general and to JOHN BULL readers in particular.

For the lottery in question was a ballot ostensibly in aid of a children's holiday home at Little Marton, and it is the third of a series that have been organised by the energetic Mr. Moss.

From the outset, there have been disquieting aspects regarding these ballots, and the earlier endeavours of Mr. Moss were fully dealt with in our issue for May 26.

Little for charity

We then told how thousands of tickets had been sold throughout the country, and deplored the fact that little had been done in dispensing charity.

We also invited Mr. Moss to furnish some details regarding the accumulated funds and to give some indication as to when his charitable scheme would bear favourable fruit.

Fiction or fact?

For reasons best known to himself, Mr. Moss did not choose to send us the information we had asked for.

He wrote complaining that our article contained more fiction than fact, but carefully refrained from explaining how and where we had gone wrong.

We can hardly feel that the authorities have done their full duty in fining Mr. Moss. They should have probed fully into the circumstances of his activities, which date back to the end of 1926.

Amongst the various points which, to our mind, call for very close scrutiny is the question of expenditure.

Generous-hearted people in all parts have subscribed freely in the sacred name of charity, and they have every right to feel alarmed at the manner in which their money is being applied.

In connection with the last scheme, for instance, which was known as the "Popular Dogs Ballot," it has been disclosed that 50,000 ballot forms were printed.

The lowest number printed was 2,001, while ten thousand of the forms were not numbered or bound.

What necessity was there for this irregular numbering? And why should large numbers of the forms be kept loose and bear no number at all?

Not "very well"

These questions, taken in conjunction with the fact that 50 per cent. of the money collected was appropriated for expenses, and that distributors of the tickets were paid 4s. 6d. a day, plus commission, should not remain unanswered.

Yet, when a police inspector informed Mr. Moss that the whole matter would be reported, he simply shrugged his shoulders and murmured, "Oh, very well."

But it doesn't look "very well" for those who have given money for the express purpose of establishing a holiday home for little children!

In the absence of a balance-sheet or a statement from Mr. Moss, it is difficult to arrive at the true state of affairs.

Rejected proposals

We do know, however, that one well-known Blackpool architect, who was approached by Mr. Moss regarding the erection of a new building, "thought the whole thing was unsatisfactory" and refused to have any more to do with the scheme!

It is also interesting to note that a local surveyor who was similarly approached expressed himself dissatisfied with the proposals and refused to entertain them.

In the circumstances we do not feel disposed to renew our invitations to Mr. Moss, but would urge the authorities to *demand* a balance-sheet and statement forthwith. An exact account of those 50 per cent. expenses should be illuminating.

JOHN BULL

A Broken-hearted
MOTHER'S *Tragic* PLEA
The Cottage of Pathetic Memory

IN a humble cottage on the outskirts of Dorchester there resides a broken-hearted mother who yearns to clasp in her arms once more a daughter who has been snatched from her in relentless circumstances.

She is Mrs. T. Cheeseman, the wife of a shepherd who can neither read nor write, and desolation has entered her spotless little home.

The uncarpeted stairs gleam clean and white; fresh flowers glow in jars in the tiny hall—but something is missing.

Seven years ago, one of her youngest and favourite children, Frances Cheeseman, was a pupil at a Dorchester girls' school. She was a pretty, reserved and sensitive child, but not altogether a good scholar.

Mother's shock

Thus it was that an official of the Dorchester branch of the Association for Mental Welfare came to visit the little home.

Mrs. Cheeseman gathered that the caller was anxious that Frances should go to a school where she would have special chances of advancing her studies; but, despite eloquent persuasion, Mrs. Cheeseman refused to be parted from her child.

One day, however, the mother returned home after a brief absence, to learn that the official visitor had called again and had produced a paper which Mr. Cheeseman had signed by marking it with a cross.

All that the shepherd knew was that he had agreed that his daughter should be sent away to school. His wife was sadly puzzled, but even then the real truth did not dawn upon her.

After Frances had undergone two minor operations for adenoids and tonsilitis, at a local hospital, a certain lady called at the house and the child was taken away.

She was taken to a home for mental deficients!

Not only was she torn from the bosom of her family, but she was removed to a place hundreds of miles distant—to Allerton Priory Certified Institution, Liverpool.

Despairing cry

What hope had the poor shepherd and his wife of making the long journey necessary if they desired to visit their loved one?

But, apart from the tragedy of separation, another disquieting aspect was soon revealed. Allerton Priory is a Roman Catholic institution, and the Cheesemans are staunch Protestants.

The mental agony endured by the mother can best be imagined. She had known, of course, that Frances was a backward child, and, like most of her family, exceptionally shy and retiring. But that the authorities should label her as a deficient was an unbelievable horror.

Every one of her fourteen children, she knew, has been perfectly normal, and there was not the slightest trace of mental trouble in the family records.

But what could she do? As she so constantly sobs in her grief: "I want my child! But how can I get my girl back?"

The real tragedy behind it all is that both she and her husband cannot fathom the official attitude.

The years have rolled on, but much as they have desired the return of their daughter, they have not, in their rustic simplicity, seen any method of achieving their desire.

Innocently they wrote and asked the girl herself to come home to them. The letter never reached her and it was returned by the officials. Could anything be more pathetic?

Frances Cheeseman

Now, we have been privileged to peruse some of the letters which Frances has written to her parents, and we have no hesitation in proclaiming them to be perfectly rational letters, well phrased and well constructed.

The handwriting is somewhat immature, but it is regular and legible.

Damning admission

But for evidence of this girl's mental balance we can produce more convincing proof even than her letters—in fact, the authorities themselves have unwittingly supplied us with an argument which cannot be refuted.

Seeing no hope of recovering their child, the Cheesemans felt that at least they must take a stand against her conversion to the Roman Catholic faith, and a letter of protest was addressed to the Lancashire Mental Deficiency Act Committee.

The reply from the clerk of the committee is before us as we write, and states that Frances had been asked for her own views on the subject.

Whilst she had stated that she had been brought up as a Protestant, she had told the authorities that it was her wish to become a Roman Catholic.

How can the authorities attempt to defend their attitude in the face of such an admission?

If Frances is capable of giving rational replies to official questionings and is equally capable of voicing her own decisions on important questions, it is scandalous that she should be labelled as mentally deficient!

She should be restored to her parents without delay, and an enquiry should be held to determine who is responsible for such shameful bungling.

Cruel HOLIDAY
FUND SWINDLE
Mean Piece of Rascality

A UNIFORMED canvasser recently visited several large blocks of flats in the neighbourhood of Paddington for the express purpose of interviewing girls employed in domestic service.

He was, he asserted, the representative of a domestic servants' protection society, and would like to set forth a few particulars of a scheme which had been inaugurated by a number of very influential people interested in the welfare of women workers throughout the country.

When he explained that his brother was head porter for those particular flats and had suggested that he would probably find a number of workers interested in the proposition, confidence was fully established.

He gave the name of William Graham, and added that the society he represented was known as the Provident Loan Club, which had its headquarters locally, in Praed Street, Paddington.

Telling the tale

It was a new and praiseworthy movement, backed by some of the best people in the neighbourhood.

Mr. Graham then went on to explain that the society did not cater, as similar organisations did, for all classes of workers, but restricted its membership as far as possible to servant-girls and women working in domestic occupations.

Amongst its objects was the very desirable aim of securing better pay and conditions for its members, and it would keep moving with that end in view until something definite had been achieved in that direction.

Generally speaking, too, it was far more than a loan club. It had a committee of management which would be responsible for all moneys collected and disbursed, and periodical accounts would be rendered for every penny involved.

Members would never be left in the dark, as was the lamentable case in too many organisations of this sort.

Only a very small proportion of the takings would be utilised for general expenses, and it was fortunate in numbering amongst its servants many willing workers who sympathised with the movement and expected no monetary reward for their services.

Tempting arrangement

Mr. Graham, in fact, was proud to state that, apart from the barest expenses to defray trifling fares, etc., he had personally derived nothing for all the work he had put into the movement.

As regards the loan club phase of the movement, this alone should make the proposition attractive to all. It was not the usual type at all, but one of its chief aims was to assist working girls to obtain a well-deserved holiday by the sea.

And it had been carefully framed. Generally, in such organisations, members had to pay into the club for several months before becoming entitled to a loan.

In the Provident Loan Club, however, arrangements had been made whereby new members who were willing to take out several shares could get their cards ante-dated, thus entitling them to claim membership for a brief but solid period.

Ready response

They would then be able to participate in the summer holiday loan fund forthwith.

Of course, the society was careful to restrict its membership by selecting only those who could show that they had held their present employment for a satisfactory period.

Thus there was no fear that members would fail to honour their obligations once the loans were made.

He also pointed out that another attractive feature was that loans were repayable in easy weekly instalments, the size of these instalments being decided by the committee to meet each individual case when a loan was being made.

The foregoing alluring story was so well recounted by Mr. Graham that he found a ready response from numerous girls and women, who paid over their contributions, ranging from humble shillings to ten-shilling notes, in blissful ignorance of the many fallacious points in the scheme.

In each case Mr. Graham tendered a temporary receipt, and promised to return in due course with a membership card, duly stamped and signed.

And on that second visit, he added, he would take down particulars of any summer holiday loans that might be required, and furnish the new members with general instructions relating to their numerous privileges under the scheme.

Cruel swindle

Alas! There was no second visit, and nothing more was heard from Mr. Graham. Duped girls flocked to the address he had given in Praed Street, but could find no trace of the philanthropic concern whose praises had been so loudly sung.

They found, however, that there had been many other callers before them anxiously clamouring for Mr. Graham and bemoaning the loss of their hard-earned savings that had been entrusted to his care.

We doubt whether a more cruel swindle has ever been perpetrated, and the sympathy of all our readers will go out to the poor girls who have been duped by this despicable scoundrel.

In exposing Graham's rascality we would urge the police to spare no efforts to bring him to book without delay. He merits a cheap "holiday" himself—but not by the sea!

A MANAGING DIRECTOR TO SACK: *"Professor" Lewis Unmasked*

A PUBLIC company called National Sun Ray and Health Centres, Ltd., was formed recently to acquire six sun-ray clinics established during the past few months by a man named Arthur Lewis.

According to the issued prospectus, Lewis is to receive a sum of over £50,000 in cash and shares in respect of these clinics and he has also been appointed managing director of the new company.

Because of adverse reports regarding the conduct and advertisement of sun-ray clinics in various parts of the country, steps were taken by responsible newspapers, through the medium of the Advertising Association, to urge upon the promoters of the new company the necessity of providing qualified resident medical officers for each of their centres.

Growing anxiety

It was found that medical men employed at some of these clinics were doctors who had been struck off the register, and the advertisements of the prospectus of the company were held up until satisfactory assurances had been received that this serious defect would be remedied.

The policy of the new company is to conduct their clinics on strictly ethical lines, and the promoters readily agreed to accelerate their programme of reconstruction by at once appointing registered doctors.

Upon receipt of the names and qualifications of the new medical men that had been appointed, the newspapers were quite satisfied and the prospectus was consequently accepted

The value of efficient sun-ray treatment is very great, and it is of the utmost importance that clinics should be brought under qualified supervision. The new company has a strong board of directors, some of whom are well-known public men.

It can perform a useful public service by helping to remove the growing anxiety felt by high medical authorities at the danger to the public caused by leaving the development of this new science in untrained and unscrupulous hands.

Notorious record

. It is our duty, therefore, to call attention to the past record of Mr. Lewis, whose presence as managing director of the new company might cause them embarrassment unless the supervision and advertisement of their clinics is taken out of his hands.

In the past he has come under our notice as a notorious eyesight and deafness quack and perhaps he will be better known to a certain section of the public as "Professor" Lewis, alias Makenzie, Nicholson and Turner.

His advertisements claimed that ultra-violet ray treatment would cure or alleviate a large number of specific ailments, including baldness. Free consultation and advice were offered.

When members of the public called at Lewis's clinics they were seen first by "interviewers."

The interviewer sold the treatment, arranged the terms and secured the fee. He posed as a specialist or as "the great Lewis" himself.

If the patient had no money he was persuaded to have a trial "treatment" and was asked to continue the course.

When, as frequently happened, he did not put in a second appearance he was written to and a fee demanded.

In cases where the interviewer obtained a fee the patient was then passed over to the doctor, who prescribed the duration and strength of the treatment.

It is also within our knowledge that in one clinic two dummy "patients" were employed.

These dummies were a man and a woman whose duty it was to mix with people in the waiting-room and to talk enthusiastically about the benefits they themselves had received from the treatment.

This was one of Lewis's old dodges which he practised when he pretended to cure deafness and paralysis.

Lewis charged £15 15s. for a course of twelve treatments, but patients unable to pay this amount were charged according to their means within limits.

That Lewis has been on a paying game is shown by the enormous profits, certified by auditors, to have been made in a few months.

Extravagant advertisements

In addition to the above facts, we would remind the public that Lewis has been exposed by us on at least two occasions for his activities in the name of Makenzie. At that time he was touring from town to town and posing as an authority on deafness.

His practice there was to engage rooms at a large hotel and attract sufferers by means of extravagant advertisements in the local Press.

"Professor" Arthur Lewis

Amongst the complaints we received in this connection was one from a man who paid him £20 for a machine which he said would cure defective hearing.

He made a promise that the money would be refunded upon the return of the machine should no benefit be derived. No cure was effected, but all efforts on the part of the disillusioned patient to obtain a refund of his money were fruitless.

Such is the uninspiring past record of Arthur Lewis, as known to us.

It is, of course, out of the question that the other directors would countenance the publication of exaggerated claims on behalf of the new venture.

And the desirability of keeping the medical side of the clinics in the hands of the qualified men appointed, and of restricting the fees within reasonable bounds, will be apparent to them in the interests of the public they are anxious to serve.

A Phantom Press Man

Novel "Newspaper" *Trickster*

THE other day a smartly-dressed man hurried into a London garage and stated that he wished to engage a car and chauffeur at once for a longish run.

He was a newspaper man, he explained, and he had just been instructed to execute a special commission in Brighton. Every moment was of vital importance and expense was no object.

He must be rushed to Brighton and back before a rival paper got to hear of the impending scoop.

As soon as he mentioned the name of the paper by which he was commissioned, all doubts were dispelled, and within a few minutes the stranger, who gave the name of Rowlinson, was being speeded on his way.

Business concluded

At Brighton he had several calls to make, but at last his business was concluded and he instructed the chauffeur to drive him back to the newspaper's London office with all possible speed.

When the destination was reached Mr. Rowlinson said he would just rush his copy in to his editor, and then come back to settle for the car-hire.

Mysterious errands

But the chauffeur waited outside the newspaper offices in vain, and when he became suspicious and made enquiries, he found that nothing was known of Mr. Rowlinson, or of any special commission in Brighton!

Meanwhile, the bogus newspaper man had clearly made his escape by some other doorway.

Rowlinson has repeated this trick successfully in various other parts of London, and on occasion he has passed as Thomas Rawlinson, Mr. Wright and George Stevenson.

In this way he has secured smart cars and chauffeurs to run about on various errands, the true nature of which remains a mystery. Garage proprietors everywhere should, consequently, keep a very watchful eye open for him.

Goffin *the Grabber*

A *Quick Toilet* Twist

A YOUTHFUL resident in East London, who was unemployed, recently advertised in a weekly paper for a position of trust. One of the first replies to reach him came from a Mr. Albert Pitchers Goffin, of Deacon Road, Kingston.

Mr. Goffin, it seemed, was on the look-out for someone to assist in "a genteel business," the profits of which he characterised as "enormous."

In response to a card calling for a few more definite particulars, Mr. Goffin explained that he was a "maker of, and dealer in ladies' toilet requisites, including perfumes."

Slow methods

An interview was subsequently arranged, and Mr. Goffin spoke impressively of the fact that he was about to open a new office in St. James' Road, Kingston, as the Lido-Beauté Toilet Company.

The young man paid a deposit of £20, on the understanding that he should commence work straight away at a salary of £2 10s. a week, with commission in addition.

Now, however, matters moved with an irritating slowness. The office in St. James' Road was rented, but never furnished, and eventually the landlord retook possession of the premises because he could not obtain his rent.

Fairytale profits

When the youthful employé learnt this, he summonsed Goffin for the refund of his deposit, with salary due, and though he obtained judgment, it was ineffective because Goffin had disappeared!

Several other judgments are already registered against Goffin in respect of similar transactions, and he also imposed upon his landlady by obtaining board and lodging for several weeks without payment.

If he turns up again with his fairy tales of flourishing businesses and "enormous" profits he should meet with a warm reception.

MR. HAYLAND HEARTY—EVERYBODY'S FRIEND

"One moment old man—let me offer a word of advice"

Mr. Poorly: Don't stop me—I've an appointment with the doctor.

Mr. Hayland Hearty: I wouldn't stop you from seeing the doctor for worlds. He of all people will know best what to do about that indigestion of yours. But let me make a little prophecy. I'll bet you a pound to a bus-ticket that he tells you to take light, easily-digested meals—not to hurry over your breakfast—to eat more wholegrain food. How can you expect to keep healthy on white bread and other refined concoctions which have been robbed of so many valuable food-elements that they've only a shadow of a resemblance to the original whole wheat? Take vitamins for instance — there isn't a ghost of one in a quartern loaf of white bread.

Mr. Poorly: I don't get this vitamin idea at all.

Mr. Hayland Hearty: Vitamins, my friend, are as necessary in our food as ham in a ham-sandwich. They are responsible for life and growth. Now, the most important of all is vitamin "B"—the vitamin you get in Shredded Wheat. Vitamin "B" keeps you "up to the scratch." Its absence leads to a lot of disorders, including that wretched complaint which is your undoing—indigestion. Eat Shredded Wheat for breakfast with hot or cold milk and eat it for luncheon with fruits, fresh or stewed. Do that for a couple of weeks and I guarantee you'll feel a different man. You can't go wrong with Shredded Wheat. It's a pure, natural food — nothing is added to the whole wheat or taken away—and the crisp shreds can be digested with ease by anybody.

Mr. Poorly: I must be off —

Mr. Hayland Hearty: One moment. You needn't take my word for all this. Ask your doctor.

SHREDDED WHEAT

100 FOOD

EIGHTPENCE
(In U.K. only)

"The Vitamin Breakfast"

If you have not tried Shredded Wheat write for free trial packet, The Shredded Wheat Co., Ltd., (Dept. 24), Welwyn Garden City, Herts

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To-day Dunlop tubular sprint tyres are used by racing cracks whenever cycle races are held

For the serious cyclist whose fast work is on the open road there are special types of tubular sprint tyres.

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C.P.H. 222

Beard off—

comforting Cold Cream on —in one move

Gibbs
Sample Offer
Trial Tube and Trial Stick
Prove for yourself the delights of a Gibbs Shave. Send TO-DAY for the generous Trial Tube of Gibbs Shaving Cream and Trial Stick of Gibbs Cold Cream Shaving Soap. Just send name and address, with 3d. in stamps to cover postage and packing, to:
D. & W. GIBBS LTD
(Dept. IV)
London, E.1

How it multiplies!—Gibbs Shaving Cream lather. Soon it is 22½ times the weight of the cream used. A closely-packed mass of water-bubbles, blanketing the beard. Every hair "soaked to the skin"—saturated to limp resignation. Soft job for the razor.

And in the meantime the Cold Cream in the lather filtering into the pores of the skin, ready for the last act.

Sweep comes the razor. Off goes the beard—cleanly, evenly, with skin-level smoothness. The Cold Cream working in its wake leaves the refreshed glow of a healthily supple skin—cool and comforted.

That's a Gibbs Shaving Cream Shave.

Gibbs
SHAVING CREAM
The Cream of Shaves

1/- and 1/6 per tube
British made C2.170

The PORK PIE *that stayed out AFTER DARK*

by THE MARQUESS OF DONEGALL

"WE'VE come to England to see all the sights and then we're going to France for a week to enjoy ourselves!" Several times in the last month or two I have heard Americans make comments to this effect. Poor old John Bull! All that he has to offer the tourist is "sights."

It is no fault of his that John Bull is not allowed to enjoy himself. Owing to a disturbance in his household, some years ago, he was forced to adopt a daughter. She was always an irksome child, but she was useful about the house at that time, and she helped him to keep order.

However, she gradually grew up, as children will, and damme if she didn't go and take over the management of the house herself! John Bull no longer had any say in the management of his own affairs, and, what was worse, try as he would, he could not get rid of this *enfant terrible*. Need I name her?—"Dora!"

The fact of the matter is that we, in England, are not allowed to enjoy ourselves, because we are too law-abiding. No other nation in the world would put up, for one instant, with the finnicky regulations which bind us hand and foot to-day.

Fatuous proceeding

I was talking to a Member of the House of Commons the other day, and I asked him when we could expect a little of our liberty to be returned. "Oh! you mean the old 'Dora' question," he replied; "I don't know. The public hasn't been raising much rumpus about it lately!"

That, I am afraid, is the attitude of our legislators. They think that there is no need for them to do anything until their constituents make it so hot for them that they are forced to.

A few months ago, something happened which I personally enjoyed as much as any farce I have ever seen in a theatre. I refer to the enquiry instituted by the Home Secretary to look into the working of the Shops (Early Closing) Acts. This enquiry was only instituted, as usual, after prolonged agitation in the Press.

On January 4 of this year the committee let loose its bombshell. It had come to the momentous conclusion that the "Dora" regulations should be continued with certain exemptions.

Now the committee had been appointed to enquire into the working of the Acts in question and to report whether or not they should be made permanent.

The committee found, very sensibly, that the main aims of "Dora" could be achieved in ways less irksome to the public than the present regulations. ***But the joke of the whole proceeding was that it had not been instructed to suggest alternatives and therefore could not put forward its proposals.*** Could anything be more fatuous?

Amazing regulations

It is to be presumed that the restrictions on shopkeepers are enforced because somebody or other thinks that they are necessary. But in some cases the restrictions are so absurd that the public would be justified in coming to the conclusion that there is some wilful and malicious spirit at work to curtail its rights.

For myself, when I find that I am able to buy a pork-pie after eight o'clock at night, but only on the condition that the shopkeeper warms it up for me, I am reduced to such a state of amazement that I remain speechless.

I do not propose to give a full list of the ridiculous restrictions imposed upon us by our would-be "nurses."

Many of them are well known, as, for instance, that a waiter in a restaurant at night is not supposed to supply a customer with a second cigar before he has finished his first. Similarly, many fruits can be bought at a fruiterer's after 8 p.m., but not apples and bananas!

Presumably all these restrictions arise from misguided efforts to protect labour. That employees should not be required to work after 8 p.m. is an excellent principle.

Words with a wangle

Unfortunately, the present regulations defeat their own object. They are irksome, attack the foundations of the subject's liberty, are a bane to trade, and above all, in many cases, do not protect shop-assistants.

In many of the smaller shops, which sell, say, tobacco and sweets and also serve light hot meals, assistants are on their feet all day until ten o'clock at night. The mere fact that the shop is no longer open after eight o'clock for the sale of tobacco does not benefit them in the least.

There is only one way of providing adequate protection for employees, and that is by strict limitation of the hours of employment.

By all means let employers be compelled to run their shops on a "shift" basis, if they wish to keep open at night. But let us get rid of the unending attempt to differentiate between "perishable" and "imperishable," two words which are the bugbear of England just now.

There are so many anomalies, inconsistencies and ridiculous situations arising from honest attempts to keep the law regarding these matters that there is nothing for it but to scrap the whole system.

The solution of this problem lies in absolute liberty for retailers, provided no one is employed for more than eight hours out of the twenty-four.

It has been argued that this system would give an unfair advantage to certain shopkeepers. So far as I can see, this is an argument for curtailing the efforts of the enterprising tradesman.

Who is responsible?

I am at a loss to see why a tobacconist, anxious to increase his business, should not keep open all night, should he so desire. If his fellow-tobacconists, for one reason or another, do not wish to, that is their business; they would not be any worse off than they are now.

The owner of a wayside petrol-pump, who closes his establishment at eight o'clock, might just as well expect his neighbour, who chooses to keep open till midnight, to be suppressed and forced to close at eight by legislation.

I have, so far, confined my remarks to "Dora" proper, the Shops (Early Closing) Acts. But "Dora" has become a symbol. She is no longer a particular Act or Acts of Parliament. She is an allegorical figure typifying official pettiness, blundering and red-tape.

The other day I lunched at one of those London hotels which are fortunate enough to overlook a park. The restaurant of the hotel opens on to a private terrace. The sun was shining gloriously in a cloudless sky.

Summoning the head of the restaurant, I asked whether he had ever thought to serve meals on the terrace, as is the common practice in Paris. After all, we sometimes have fine days during the English summer. "Ah! monsieur," he answered, and I expected him to weep at any moment, "if only we could; but it is not allowed."

The Marquess of Donegall

As this seemed to be the acme of stupidity, I asked him whether he had tried to get the ban removed. "The trouble is," he replied, "that we cannot find out who is responsible. Whenever we send in a petition, we are told to go to someone else with it. The next person sends us back to the first and it goes in a circle. Meantime we lose money."

Flocking for freedom

If the manager of an hotel, through one petty piece of official muddle-headedness, "is losing money meantime," how much money is England losing, as a nation, through thousands of equally fatuous restrictions?

One has only to watch the platforms of Victoria Station at holiday time to see that there is something wrong. It is not only that foreigners do not come to England except to "do" the sights in the shortest possible time, but thousands of English families of moderate means flock to the Continent as soon as they are able to escape.

There is no sense of carefree enjoyment in an English holiday resort. No matter how attractive the actual place may be, or how much money is lavished on providing amusements for holiday-makers, those with sufficient means will continue to go abroad and buy a fortnight's freedom.

People often argue that, after all, one can easily buy one's cigarettes before eight o'clock, and that it is not a great hardship to go to bed at twelve o'clock when one is at the seaside.

Blinding obsession

That is not the point! The point is that the principle of restriction and curtailment is wrong from start to finish. Restrictions should only be made where they are absolutely necessary for the protection of the community.

Furthermore, the "kill-joys" responsible for making our holiday resorts duller and duller, and fettering our daily life, are totally incapable of drawing up new legislation to remedy matters. Quite frankly, "they haven't got the idea."

They are incapable of banishing from their minds the obsession that it is bad to let people have as much liberty as possible.

What is needed is fresh blood, in the shape of young Members of Parliament with modern, practical, common-sense ideas. Let them rise up and destroy the red-tape of half a century, and substitute efficient legislation which would enable England to compete with and eventually surpass other countries as the world's pleasure-ground.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To Rt. Hon. Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., Foreign Secretary.

DEAR SIR,—Though you express sympathy with the German view in connection with the evacuation of the Rhineland, you profess that you cannot at present usefully take the initiative. Time was when British statesmen gave a lead to the world, and it is humiliating to learn that apparently that time has passed. Take the bold course, and incidentally relieve overburdened ratepayers of a redundant load. JOHN BULL.

To Rt. Hon. Sir. W. MITCHELL-THOMSON, M.P., Postmaster-General.

DEAR SIR,—Your talk of "substantial reductions" in armaments while we are spending a yearly £114,000,000 on the mechanism of human slaughter, as against a pre-war £77,000,000, is a smoke-screen that blinds nobody. Decent men everywhere are condemning war. What interest politicians have in defending it is a mystery that needs solving. JOHN BULL.

To Rt. Hon. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., Minister of Health.

DEAR SIR.—If there is any meaning to be attached to the description "Grade A" applied to milk, I suggest that it implies, and is intended to imply, that the quality is the finest obtainable. You, however, are well aware that it is third grade, and does not come from tuberculin-tested cattle. By allowing the use of this lying label the Ministry of Health is deliberately tricking the mothers of the nation. JOHN BULL.

To His Honour JUDGE ATHERLEY-JONES, K.C., City of London Court.

YOUR HONOUR,—It is tragic that in these enlightened days a judge should have to condemn our penal system on the ground that the State makes no effort to provide a real chance for men who come out of prison. If honest employment is denied them, what is left to them, if they would live, but a return to crime? The real criminals are those who permit such a scandalous state of things to exist. JOHN BULL.

To Sir WARREN FISHER, G.C.B., Secretary to the Treasury.

DEAR SIR,—There are several points in the report of the Industrial Transference Board, of which you were chairman, which deserve the very widest publicity: "The British miner, as a type, is an example to his fellows" and "It is saddening to see young boys idle and aimless." And, lastly, you condemn as a vile calumny the oft-repeated statement that the unemployed are unemployable, and could easily find work if they wished. I agree. JOHN BULL.

To the Hon. Mr. JUSTICE AVORY, Royal Courts of Justice, W.C.

MY LORD,—I do not wonder that you expressed astonishment that it had taken two years for the Sussex Law Society to find the necessary legal assistance for a poor divorce petitioner; but if it is indeed true, as you were informed, that such cases cost junior counsel £3 out of their own pockets, their reluctance to appear is understandable. The onus is on those who frame our laws, who seem determined that the poor shall not be given a square deal. JOHN BULL.

To Sheriff NEISH, Edinburgh.

DEAR SIR,—When a vanman and collector was charged before you with embezzlement, you told him that in your opinion 38s. 8d. a week was a good wage, even though a man did have a wife and five children to support. I should like to condemn you to live on it, and hear your opinion then. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. HERBERT SMITH, Chairman, Miners' Federation.

DEAR SIR.—"I am prepared to meet the devil, never mind Mond," you tell us, "if it will produce anything good for the workers." I admire the sanity of your stand, since nothing is to be gained from class prejudice and obstinacy born of wounded vanity. You are all out for peace in industry—this to your honour. JOHN BULL.

To Dr. F. W. NORWOOD, City Temple.

DEAR SIR,—Serving in France as a chaplain for two years, you gained a mighty inspiration of the preacher's mission and since have put your whole soul into the movement for No More War. That you now intend to follow up this by offering yourself as a candidate for Parliament means that you are convinced that great humanities must be embodied in great legislation. If you succeed you will have a tough job, but you are made of tough stuff, and I wish you luck. JOHN BULL.

To Dr. C. H. HOUGH, Ethel Hedley Hospital for Crippled Children.

DEAR SIR,—Experienced beyond most men in dealing with the sad little victims of slum-life, you deem it the first and foremost duty of every child-lover to agitate for better housing, and wage war against sunless, airless and overcrowded dwellings, bad food, poverty, ignorance, unhappiness and waste. If these were the enemy nations armed against the world would soon be a different place. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. CLARKE HALL, J.P., Old Street Police Court.

DEAR SIR,—Your breakdown under stress of overwork is a sad comment on the "discussions" deemed necessary between Treasury and Home Office before a few additional magistrates can be appointed. Petty "economy" of this sort always means extra outlay in the long run. Meanwhile, the children are short of their friend on the Bench, and in their interests I hope you will soon be back at duty. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. G. S. READE, Retired Tea Planter, Auckland, New Zealand.

DEAR SIR,—Five years ago you deeded land and gave money, amounting in all to £1,000,000, to provide a new home for the Royal Naval Schools, Greenwich, which are to be moved to Holbrook, Suffolk. Now you have donated a further £100,000, to be allowed to accumulate until sufficient entirely to support the establishment. A man who uses created wealth to such splendid purpose has dedicated his life to the community. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. J. R. F. TURNER, Hon. Sec., Oxford Boys' Cricket Scheme.

DEAR SIR,—While the Home Secretary is exhibiting sincere anxiety to keep children free from prison-taint, you point out the best and cheapest way to do it. Playing-fields are the great antidote to juvenile crime. They promote healthy minds and create character. When the Government of the day realises this fact it will take the first step to killing that bugbear of civilisation, the child "criminal." JOHN BULL.

WANTED, A WHITE HOPE!
(The Olympic Games are now in progress)

Straight from the Shoulder

MR. BALDWIN:—"In our Party there is nobody with a fixed doctrine."
Nor a fixed policy, nor a fixed faith, or fixed principle.

• • •

MR. CHURCHILL:—"The sixpence I took off the income tax nobody has ever mentioned to me since."
No one boasts of one handcuff unlocked while the rest of the body is loaded with chains.

• • •

DR. HENSON:—"Purity among girls is needed more to-day than anything else."
And why not among youths? To preach only to one sex encourages impurity.

• • •

SIR WILLIAM HODGSON:—"Our mental hospitals are full, some are overcrowded."
What an indictment of doctors, religionists and politicians who have connived at helpless ignorance.

The Truth About Things—by the Editor

BREATHING—*by Kind Permission*

How Dare You Live!

WE SOW—AND THEY REAP

IT is curious how little we hear to-day of the housing shortage. We might think there was no such thing for all the newspapers have to say about it. To listen to Mr. Neville Chamberlain we might even think that we were better off for houses than we have ever been before.

Figures do not, as a rule, mean much, but here are some figures that even the least intelligent cannot fail to understand.

There is still to-day a shortage of one million working-class houses in Great Britain. In England and Wales there are a million and a quarter families who have to share a house; 17,500,000 persons have less than one room each.

In England and Wales 3,500,000 people live more than two in a room, and in Scotland nearly one-tenth of the population is living more than four in a room.

Figures like these are enough to make one physically ill. Yet they do not appear to stir the hearts of our legislators one jot.

If you want to know why this shortage still persists, a shortage that goes hand in hand with an ever-mounting list of unemployment figures, you have not far to seek.

THE London County Council, for example, wished to acquire 487 acres of agricultural land upon which to build a new town in Surrey. The price it was asked to pay was £223,490—that is to say, the "owners" of this agricultural land tried to stick the L.C.C. for something like £450 an acre!

It was a bit too thick even for a public body dealing with public money, and the matter went to arbitration. The price fixed by the arbitrator was £123,850, or £256 per acre. That is bad enough in all conscience. Clearly there are some circumstances in which farming can pay!

But is it any wonder that there is a housing shortage? Is it any wonder that even when houses are built they cost so much that the working classes who need them most cannot afford the rents they have to be asked for them?

This is the sort of thing that is going on all over the country. Houses are not built and people do not get work because a few individuals claim to own the earth.

The millions of others who have not the nerve to make any such claim, and whose ancestors were not lucky enough to be in at the robbery that gave their descendants the "ownership," cannot live at all upon the land which God gave to the people unless they pay colossal rents to these privileged individuals.

IF anyone can advance any real justification for a lunatic land system such as this he deserves what comfort he can get from his mental exercise.

It is no wonder that we cannot get houses built so long as we allow people to keep valuable land idle, contributing nothing to the welfare and paying no rates and taxes, holding up the community to ransom whenever the community desires to improve its standard of living.

It is no wonder that so long as we permit a handful of individuals to say that they own England we have a terrible army of unemployed and twice the number of persons in receipt of poor law relief that we had in 1914.

Under a sane system of land legislation it would still be possible for anyone to keep land idle—if he could afford to pay the tax that would be required of him for indulging in that "privilege."

Under a sane system it would be impossible for a man to do nothing except wait until the community had made his land valuable and then step in and plunder that community to his heart's content.

The land is the key to the solution of practically all our social ills. So long as there is an acre of land idle, unoccupied and unused in this country, so long is there no vestige of excuse for a single person to be unemployed.

The stupidity and the blame are ours, for we have the vote and we can insist on a drastic alteration just as soon as we get the next chance of pushing the voting papers through the ballot-box.

PROSPERITY FOR ALL!

Humanity's *Lunatic Laxity*

AN intelligent and impartial observer might be forgiven for coming to the conclusion that civilisation is lunacy. In civilised communities things that matter are neglected, things that don't matter are stressed, while real enthusiasm, time and money are expended on things actually dangerous to human life.

One such idiocy is the toleration of large areas of want in the midst of prosperity and plenty. It is a phenomenon unknown in savage tribes. It is a commonplace of civilisation the world over.

If unemployment, want and starvation exist in times of nation-wide prosperity there must be a removable reason for it. What that reason is every intelligent man and woman has a duty to find out. Equally, common decency requires that they should all put their shoulders to the wheel in an endeavour to shift it.

The earth is not less productive than it was. When science turns from destruction to production it will become even more prolific. The cry of over-population, in view of the boundless acres unpeopled and uncultivated, can be dismissed as nonsensical drivel.

What is wrong is the lack of co-ordination and the non-equalisation of production to demand. Manufacture, markets and consumption are all chaotic. Food supply is everybody's business or nobody's. Its production bears no relation to need. All depends on what profit can be made by individuals in the scrambling fight. In short, prosperity itself is a matter needing direction and has never yet been properly understood.

The Government, as a representative and impartial agency, must undertake this job. The Government represents all the people and should be as concerned to keep all the people prosperous as it is to see the country solvent.

The Government has as great a duty to study markets and world economics and make frequent, clear and public statements to business men as to issue reports and warnings to mariners.

Governments taking this view of their duties will be compelled to change their fiscal policy. Taxation will not be needed for armament making, but will be turned to the development of internal and international prosperity. It means co-operation between nations in a splendidly new and vital way.

To all but purblind idiots this is the way the spirit of the new age is leading. It is the only effective counterblast to the revolutionary spirit which prolonged misery is bound to produce.

The Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain, M.P., Minister of Health

GOOD LORD!

What a Nerve

THORNE is a little mining town ten miles from Doncaster. In itself it is hardly more than a village, but its roadways are naturally important.

The one approaching the town has for five years been guarded by the Toll Bar Bridge belonging to the South Yorkshire Navigation Company.

Holding tight against suggested improvements, the company for years forbade any vehicles weighing more than five tons to pass over this fragile span.

Such had to pass on the Doncaster side, unload, get their goods across by small drays or lorries, and then, stopping once again on the Thorne side, reload.

When a roundabout had to cross the bridge it was taken up by traction-engine to the sacred spot and left in pieces while the engine went back by road.

The engine was sent on by train to Thorne and then again on the Thorne side resumed its haulage by cables stretching right across the bridge.

Even when the Thorne Rural Council itself had roads to repair just outside the town it was obliged to pay for its steam roller going three miles by rail in order to bring it back two miles by road to the spots awaiting repairs!

That the authorities have now agreed upon terms under which a new and stronger bridge may be built is sorry consolation for all those whose time and money for years have been hopelessly wasted in this ludicrously Gilbertian fashion.

This matter holds interest for a wider area than the parish of Thorne. It is one more pointer of the way in which private interests interfere with the legitimate work of the country.

It is a scandal that must be ended before it slackens down industry to its ruin.

The "jungle of vested interests" still waits for the promised attack by Mr. Baldwin.

Two Hundred Thousand FROZEN MEN!

by A. G. GARDINER

Sir Warren Fisher, G.C.B., Permanent Secretary to the Treasury, Chairman of the Industrial Transference Board

A SCRAP-HEAP is always a depressing sight. A scrap-heap of humanity is not only depressing—it is terrifying. And it is such a scrap-heap that is the subject of the report just issued by the Industrial Transference Board, consisting of Sir Warren Fisher, Sir David Shackleton and Sir John Cadman, which has been contemplating the scrap-heap for seven months, and now offers us its conclusions.

A scrap-heap of 200,000 men! Not derelict men, not lazy men, not "washouts"; but capable, willing, industrious men, in the prime of life, from eighteen to sixty-five, thrown on the scrap-heap not by any fault of their own, but by causes and currents for which they are no more responsible than you or I.

Do not mix up this question with the general unemployment problem. That is bad; but time will solve it, is solving it. But time alone cannot redeem the lost 200,000. If they are to be rescued, they must be rescued by a deliberate policy.

National cancer

And we must devise such a policy, not merely in justice to the victims, but in the interests of the nation. We dare not leave this cancer in our system.

Who are the 200,000? They are the surplus miners, men who will never find work in the pits again. Not because they are less fitted to work or less willing to work than their fellows; but because there is no work to do.

They are not scattered over the country. They are "frozen" in pockets of permanent depression—in Northumberland and Durham, South Wales and Lanarkshire, East Lancashire, Forest of Dean and Cannock Chase.

The number should be higher, probably 250,000, for the same phenomenon of permanent surplus is present in the iron, steel and engineering trades. But the overshadowing case of surplus is coal.

Developing wastrels

Broadly speaking, the Board concludes that there is only one way of dealing with these "frozen" masses of unemployed. They must be distributed. Nothing can be done with them on the spot.

Where are they to go, what are they to do, and how is this dispersion to be accomplished? Roughly speaking, the "frozen" masses group themselves into three categories—the youths, men up to thirty-six, and men, mostly married, from thirty-six to sixty-five.

The cases of the youngsters is in one sense the most serious and urgent. They are at the most critical age. Left to idle a year or two, without the discipline of work and without hope, and they will degenerate into wastrels.

I am glad to see that the Board urges that the outflow from the schools should be checked. I have repeatedly insisted in these columns that one way of diminishing the unemployment problem was to check the competition at both extremes—the competition of the child and the competition of the aged.

But, apart from keeping the children at school longer, the Board proposes that they should be carefully distributed through the country where openings in new industries offer, under careful supervision that will provide a substitute for home influences.

So far as the adults are concerned, the same policy of dispersion is advocated. The Board repudiates the suggestion that the miner is unfitted for other work. It expresses the highest opinion of his intelligence and adaptability.

Chance for employers

It believes that he could flow into the active streams of industry in other parts of the country without displacing labour, and it appeals to the employers throughout the land to join in this work of rescue through the employment exchanges by offering to take men from the "frozen" areas.

It is pointed out that there are 120,000 employers giving work to upwards of five hands apiece, and that with such resources of absorption a great part of the problem should be easily solved. Land settlement is not advised, but the settlement of 1,000 families on suitable forestry holdings is pressed upon the Government as both feasible and ultimately profitable.

The cost of the transfer of families from one area to another must be largely financed by the State, but this outlay, ultimately recoverable in part, is a wiser expenditure than local relief.

It is recognised that the victims cannot be dispersed without their good will. No one can fail to appreciate the tragedy of uprooting whole communities from everything to which they are attached in life; but the alternative is so unthinkable.

Remarkable revelation

There remains the question of emigration. On this the Board is very frank in its comments on the attitude of the Dominions, whose obstructive regulations seem designed to discourage immigration from this country. Canada and Australia are particularly stiff, and the remarkable fact is revealed that as a result immigration from this country is less to-day than it was before the war.

But, in the bulk, this is a home question. The mere cost of transporting great masses of people thousands of miles across the sea, and establishing them in new careers, puts emigration out of the question as a main solution of the problem. If the 200,000 are to be reabsorbed in industry it is this country that must accomplish the miracle.

With the general idea of the Board that the solution is the dispersion of the "frozen" pockets of unemployed, I do not think there can be disagreement, and in appealing to the conscience of the nation, and especially to the active help of the employers, the Board has struck the right note.

But I am not satisfied that its decisive rejection of all effort to redeem the "frozen" areas themselves is justified. No doubt there has been great waste in relief works in the past, and it is true that relief works are essentially temporary devices that do not apply to this permanent paralysis.

But it ought not to be beyond the wit of man and of the Government departments to conceive schemes for vitalising the depressed areas and causing the current of the new industries to flow in their direction. It is on this point, I think, that the Board has failed to satisfy expectations.

HITTING W

IN the report of the Committee on Education and Industry (a Government publication) there is a memorandum drawn up by the National Conference of Employers' Organisations in opposition to the proposed raising of the school-leaving age from fourteen to fifteen.

Mr. D. O. Malcolm, Chairman of the Committee on Education and Industry

This conference of employers does not argue that a child would suffer if condemned to an additional year's schooling. It does not even assert that a child would not be better equipped to face the world if allowed to remain at school longer than is now customary, so far as the rank and file is concerned.

Oh dear no! Employers as a rule—there are very many notable exceptions—do not argue along these lines. Where child-labour is concerned they think little of the child, but much about the labour.

They are not interested in the question as to whether the exploitation of child-labour is good for the child. They take their stand on the simple proposition that the exploitation of child-labour is good for industry. They see nothing beyond what seems to them to be the fact that dividends may be easier to earn or increase with cheap child-labour than without it.

And so, simple souls, the suggestion that the school-leaving age should be raised shocks quite a number of them. They are afraid that it will hit them where it will hurt them most—in the pocket.

RIGHT from the beginning of popular education every proposal for the raising of the age at which it shall be lawful for a child to learn to earn in the factories and cease to learn in the schools has met with the bitter opposition of employers and, when carried, has had to be carried not merely in the teeth of that opposition, but also in the face of the opposition of the parents of the children.

It is only necessary here to refer to the joint opposition, in Lancashire, of parents and employers to the abolition of the damnable half-time system. After a few unpaid weeks as a "learner," a child became a valuable help to a weaver—to take just

To the SCRAP-HEAP With Them ALL!

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

THE other day I received a catalogue of suits from a well-known tailoring firm. Glancing through it I came across the following:

"'Out upon your stuffy old Victorian ideas,' ys the coming generation. 'We have no use r your opinions, good or bad. We are out to ape our own lives. It was grumpy old fellows your type and habits of old who made the ar which we had to fight while you stayed at me and nursed your gout. Now stand aside. ou have done harm enough.'"

Accustomed as I am to realising what a lossal change in public opinion the last ten ars have seen, I was more than a little amazed to d a thing like this in a commercial catalogue. is astonishing testimony to the extent to hich the brutal waste and wreckage of the ar has burnt its way into the conscience of the ople.

Such a statement as the one I have quoted is longer a revolutionary sentiment. It is the erest commonplace, the thought and language, en, of matter-of-fact commerce!

Nevertheless, this shattering change in outlook s not come about because people sat still and did thing. It has come about, as the signing of the ace Pact is about to mature, because of the unasing pressure of public opinion.

The people's great victory

The unreserved and unequivocal acceptance by the countries that matter of Mr. Kellogg's oposals is one of the greatest victories the mmon people of all countries have ever achieved.

I do not believe that, outside America, there s a single statesman who, left to himself, uld willingly have put his name to such a pact: do not believe to-day there is a single statesman o dare do anything else.

How important it is to neglect no opportunity atever to prevent the lunatics of the world m ever again embroiling sane people in their ilness can be seen from the following episode which the New York *Nation* unearthed a short time ago.

Hearst, one of the wickedest newspaper magnates who ever controlled the dissemination of news to the people, sent a representative to Cuba just before the Spanish-American War, and long before the common people who were to do the fighting and dying ever dreamed of war with Spain.

Hearst sent a man named Remington to produce "pictures that will stir up the blood of the people at home." Remington was not versed in the arts of provoking war where no war exists, and shortly after his arrival he cabled back to Hearst as follows:

"Everything is quiet. There is no trouble here. There will be no war. I wish to return."

Wicked lunacy

He got an immediate answer, signed by Hearst himself:

"Please remain. You furnish the pictures and I'll furnish the war."

As the world now knows, the war was furnished.

No wonder, in view of this and scores of other things like it, people are determined that there shall be no repetition of such incredibly wicked lunacy.

Another paper, the *Glasgow Forward*, recently computed what war means to the common man in a way that cannot fail to strike home. This is what it said:

"When you buy a pound of tea you pay 4d. to the Government. 2½d. is for the cost of war.

"On seven pounds of sugar the tax is 7d. 5d. is for the cost of war.

"Buy an ounce of tobacco and you pay a tax of 6½d. 4½d. is for the cost of war.

"On beer at 6d. per pint the duty is 2½d. 1½d. is for the cost of war.

"Go to the theatre, cinema or the cricket or football match and on every 1s. 4d. paid, the tax is 3d. 2d. is for the cost of war."

Mr. F. B. Kellogg, U.S.A. Secretary of State

It simply isn't worth it, and it is becoming very obvious that people are thinking so and saying so to some purpose. Nor is it worth it to spend over £117,000,000, as we did last year, on armaments and only £42,000,000 on education. It is Bedlamite finance at its very worst.

Now it is all very well for the statesmen to meet in Paris, or wherever they are proposing to meet, and amidst universal and well-justified jubilation sign a document renouncing war as an instrument of national policy.

Not the end

It is a step forward certainly, and a mighty big step forward. But it is not the end and we shall all be very unwise indeed if we relax our pressure for one moment merely because certain names have been put to a certain document.

Sir William Joynson-Hicks said bluntly the other day, "It is no use outlawing war unless you also outlaw the armaments that make war."

No Cabinet Minister ever said a truer thing nor compressed so much sense into so small a compass.

If war is to be outlawed, if it is to be put beyond the pale as a means of settling international disputes then there is not the slightest reason why we or any other country should continue to pour millions of pounds into the waste of armaments.

There is no greater period of danger in human affairs than when something has been accomplished. We are all prone at that time to sit back and think that everything in the garden will now be lovely. In reality that is just the time when alertness and wakefulness should be more intense than ever.

Make them sign!

The signing of the Kellogg Peace Treaty must be made not merely the occasion for public rejoicing; it must be made the starting-point of a campaign for the sweeping reduction of armaments which, on their own showing, the statesmen will shortly admit to be a barbaric and useless survival among civilised peoples.

It is no good anybody telling me that it cannot be done. People have told me repeatedly the Kellogg Peace Treaty could never come to anything more than a pious proposal. But it has. It has come to be a serious international treaty which will shortly be signed with all the pomp and ceremony that attends such gatherings.

In the same way we, you and I and all of us, have it in our own hands to force our statesmen to sign a second treaty at no distant date relegating guns and battleships to the scrap-heap of civilisation.

IT HURTS

by ARNOLD FREEMAN HOLT

e branch of industry—who, helped by a couple half-timers at half-a-crown a week each, could ve more looms than was possible to a weaver rking single-handed. The system paid the ll-owners, the weavers, and the parents of the ldren.

UT what about the children? *Their* interests were not considered by the people who defended system. It mattered nothing to them that ung children had to be dragged out of bed and t to tramp to the mills, whatever the weather, re to arrive before six o'clock in the morning.

It mattered nothing to them that the overrked drudges fell asleep over their schoolons in the afternoons. They merely conted themselves with asserting that childour was necessary if mills were to prosper.

The interests of the child itself never enter into arguments of the advocates of child-labour. ey look upon children not as children, but as raw material out of which producing units y be manufactured, and their slogan is, "Catch young and get 'em cheap."

Some of them have the hardihood to declare t a shortage of child-labour would mean the ing down of their works. Personally, I think t the country can do without any concern which depends for its continued existence upon the work of children.

The employers in national conference have made use of two arguments against the raising of the school-leaving age which were not available for their pre-war prototypes.

They say, first, that in the near future a shortage of juvenile labour may be expected as a result of low birth-rate of recent years; and, secondly, that this expected shortage would be seriously accentuated by the removal of the whole-year group of some 257,000 children from the labour market.

THE expected shortage perturbs them. They know, for instance, that if a boy starts to learn repetition work at the age of fourteen he will be doing practically a man's work for a boy's wages by the time he reaches the age of fifteen. The loss of a year's profits on every boy so employed is enough to perturb them.

It need not perturb us, however, who think of children as well as of industry, and, anyhow, compensating advantages would accrue to industry in that if the school age were raised, industry would secure more intelligent and better educated recruits. And perhaps, also, we should have fewer unemployed adults.

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A SHAMEFUL POST-OFFICE BUNGLE

by ALEXANDER M. THOMPSON

TELEGRAPHIC money orders are issued by the Post Office for the transmission of money in cases of extreme urgency. Their usage plainly proclaims the peremptory need for haste.

Officials entrusted with the responsibility of handling such important messages must know that no one would incur the charge for telegraphing if delivery of the remittance by post on the morning after despatch would serve his purpose.

They must know that the telegraph is only used where a delay of two or three hours would or might be of serious consequence.

One would think, then, that the most scrupulous care would be taken to ensure swift and safe delivery.

One would think that if, in spite of care, any hitch did accidentally occur, every available resource of telegraph and telephone would be employed to discover the cause and to shorten the delay.

Urgent SOS

These essentials of the service are so obvious that it seems waste of space to set them down. But a recent experience suggests that they are not as obvious to the responsible officials as to me.

On April 21 last I telegraphed a money order for £5 from a post office in Kent to the Lime Street Post Office in Liverpool. That order was not paid until the 24th, three days later!

I naturally asked the reason why. I received an answer on July 12—nearly three months after the money had been telegraphed! It seems incredible, but it is true.

The money had been sent in response to an "SOS" from a young man who had gone to Liverpool in search of work. He had failed to find any, and was "stranded," as he expressed it, for want of means to pay his fare back.

His telegram reached me one Friday night. To save the costly waste of a week-end's enforced stay, I telegraphed £5 on Saturday morning.

Paid-for suggestion

Later in the day came a second appeal stating that no money order had reached the Lime Street office. On Monday morning came yet another and still more pressing appeal.

I replied by wire that the money had been sent. Again came back the answer that it had not been received.

My local postmaster could say nothing more than that he had despatched the order to his head office at Bromley and advised me to telephone there.

Bromley advised me to telephone to the Money Order Department in London. There I was advised to telegraph to the postmaster at Liverpool.

I ventured then to suggest that the officials could do this more promptly and efficiently than I could. They replied that they would send a phonogram, but it must be at my charge. I protested, but, perforce, accepted.

Weeks passed. Calls at my local post office yielded no enlightenment.

Mr. Alexander M. Thompson

At long last, in June, I wrote to the Liverpool postmaster, reminding him of my phonogram, and requesting him, in the public interest, to answer it.

On June 7—six weeks after the enquiry—came a reply from the "Postmaster-Surveyor," stating that "when the payee applied at this office no trace of the telegram of advice could be found, and similar search at the Lime Street Post Office had also negative results."

Insult to injury

But "further investigations" were being made, "the result of which will be communicated to you as early as possible."

Five more weeks passed before "the result of further investigation" reached me; it lucidly explained that "the relative telegram of advice failed in transmission between the office of origin and the Central Telegraph Office, London."

No reason why it failed. But, I was informed, "payment was effected on April 21 at Liverpool."

The writer had been further moved to express regret, and by way of putting a really handsome finish to a rather disagreeable incident, "a postal draft for 2s. 9d. is enclosed in refundment of the telegraphic charges on the order and the telegram of April 23."

* * *

For Bank Holiday and summer holiday you may bank on "The 'John Bull' Holiday Annual" to give you lots of fun. 68 pages for 6d.

Two shillings and ninepence! I had paid 1s. 10d. for the money order. My petitioner had sent four or five telegraphic appeals. I had sent two or three telegraphic replies. I had incurred the cost of many "trunk" calls on the telephone.

And the man in Liverpool had wasted three days, "stranded" in a strange town, and incurred a debt of some 30s. for food and bed.

Two shillings and ninepence! Could insult have been more insolently added to injury?

The whole thing baffles understanding. "No trace of the telegram of advice could be found, and similar search at the Lime Street Post Office had also negative results."

Might have been worse!

But while all this searching was being done, did it occur to no intelligent person to telegraph or telephone straight to the office of the money order's origin?

With one gleam of common-sense, backed, as it should have been, by sympathetic interest in a clear case of distress, the whole business could have been settled in an hour.

The result in this case was bad enough. The hours and days of worry and waiting—waiting, waiting, waiting. The doubt whether the money would ever come, the anxiety, the loneliness amongst the well-dressed shopping crowds of Bold Street and Lord Street. But one conceives that it might have been worse.

If my petitioner's "SOS" had cost his last shilling—if no reply had come for three days—if he had waited and wandered, homeless, foodless, friendless, hopeless, savagely hungry, and desperately down-and-out—what might the result have been?

There is the Mersey at Liverpool. Perhaps "one more unfortunate, swift to be hurled—anywhere, anywhere out of the world." The unemployed, don't you know, are so shiftless!

Strangled by red tape

Collective enterprise, by State or Trust, is under trial. We have to find a way of reconciling the manifest economy of big business, which has neither a body to be kicked nor a soul to be damned, with the human touch of the old-fashioned trader who was personally concerned in his customer's welfare and content.

Officials who live by State trading should seek to justify it. Without provision and constant care to humanise the big machine, mere cheapness is not "rare and refreshing fruit," but "Dead Sea fruit that tempts the eye and turns to ashes on the lips."

State service, callously performed, strangled by the red tape of officialism, is a soulless, reactionary bureaucracy, masquerading as democracy.

LOCK your BEDROOM DOOR!

The Man Who Stole Characters

REYNOLDS THE ROGUE

A NUMBER of expert hotel-thieves are operating in London at the present time, and, as this year has provided a record season so far as visitors from abroad are concerned, their chances of effecting profitable coups are more than doubled.

Thousands of pounds are involved in hotel robberies in the course of every normal year, yet in nine cases out of ten such robberies are never brought home to the offenders.

This is not the fault of the police, for most hotels employ their own private detectives, whose duty it is to watch all suspicious persons and to eliminate crime as much as possible.

But hotel detectives, efficient as they are, lack the organisation of the police, and have no access to criminal records. They cannot, therefore, be expected to identify an expert hotel thief by sight.

Applicable nickname

One individual who has a fine disregard for all hotel detectives is James Reynolds. He has operated as an hotel thief for a number of years, and with such success that he has been able to live in the lap of luxury.

Reynolds, who has never yet found a door that gave him trouble, is known in his own circles as the "Man with the Master Keys." No nickname was ever more aptly applied!

Some weeks ago a lady staying at a famous London hotel lost a number of articles of jewellery, which included a diamond pendant worth many hundred pounds.

These much-treasured belongings were stolen from her room one evening when she was at dinner, and the robbery was all the more inexplicable because her room was locked at the time, and the key had remained in her possession.

The thief had left no traces behind him, and it looked as if the robbery must be added to the long list of undetected hotel crimes. Then, one evening, a dramatic thing happened.

A man in evening-dress was seen loitering in a corridor of the hotel by one of the maids, who immediately communicated with the manager. The latter telephoned to the police, and detectives were rushed to the scene in a "taxi."

Caught in the act

The maid's suspicions proved only too well founded, for the immaculate stranger was arrested whilst actually engaged in abstracting some valuables from a visitor's room.

A search of his person proved interesting. A jemmy, a master-key, and a set of skeleton keys were brought to light and these items were followed by a bunch of keys which were found to belong to first-class bedrooms at another well-known hotel.

The man was James Reynolds, and, in view of the previous pendant robbery, he was put up for identification.

Eleven men collected from the streets were arranged in a row with Reynolds, and the chambermaid who had attended upon the lady of the pendant was summoned to the scene.

Without hesitation, she picked out Reynolds as a man she had noticed in the corridor of the hotel on the night when the pendant was stolen.

Meanwhile, the keys from the other hotel were found to belong

The Earl of Dysart, who was shamefully deceived by Reynolds

to rooms from which valuables had been stolen during preceding months.

Matters were finally clinched beyond all doubt when the hotel detective identified Reynolds as a frequent visitor to the hotel.

An old hand

Reynolds, who was thus able to frequent leading hotels in immaculate attire as an honoured guest, is really an old hand at crime.

In 1918, he was sentenced at the Old Bailey, in the name of James Tynan, for wounding an accomplice in a quarrel, while three years later he again fell into the hands of the police for hotel robberies perpetrated in the name of James Mason.

When he emerged from jail, he hit upon an ingenious scheme to rehabilitate himself.

He advertised to the effect that he was a gentleman of good standing, who required a superior footman, and insisted that applicants should send original testimonials.

Many good and trusty men applied, blissfully unaware that they were sending their letters to an accommodation address.

Reynolds calmly appropriated the best of the original references, and, assuming the name of their owner, applied for a position on his own account.

Thanks to the unimpeachable references, he was able to obtain an excellent position with the Earl of Dysart. Two days later a quantity of the earl's silver had been stolen, and the new footman was missing.

After a long search, Reynolds was eventually rooted out from a hiding-place in the East End of London, and, being found guilty, was once more sent to prison.

Now, after another long run, this expert thief has just been sent to penal servitude. But not one article stolen by him has been traced.

Disposing of booty

This is due to the fact that hotel thieves make no attempt to dispose of their booty through ordinary channels. They have an organisation of their own in London, which, until recently, was under the direction of a crook named Gans.

This organisation purchases their plunder and expert hands "break up" and "boil down" every article until all possibility of identification—even by the owners themselves—is removed.

Gems are then reset, silver is remodelled, and, taken abroad to shady jewellers, the new "products" are eventually sold back to genuine firms in London and elsewhere without any suspicion being aroused.

In this way, a leading firm of English jewellers recently offered two diamond rings for sale in all innocence. The rings were worth £2,000, and, doubtless, would eventually have been disposed of.

But a man arrested on a charge of stealing diamonds made a voluntary statement, as a result of which the two diamonds were traced to the genuine firm mentioned.

It, of course, had bought them in new settings quite honestly, but the actual ownership could not be disputed, and they had to be surrendered.

Most of the plunder secured by hotel thieves is sold on the Continent. A member of the gang will take a woman confederate abroad as his wife, in the guise of wealthy tourists.

Helpful co-operation

The woman, magnificently attired, wears a quantity of the stolen jewellery, which does not look out of keeping with her apparent circumstances.

A few trips of this sort and large consignments of plunder can be "shipped" to the Continent with comparative ease.

If the hotel thieves are to be suppressed, therefore, they must be fought on the scene of their contemplated coups, and in this connection closer co-operation between Scotland Yard experts and the hotels might well be observed.

Such co-operation led to the capture of Reynolds, and would undoubtedly prove helpful in all similar cases.

• • •

Best for racing, best for form, best for winners, best for all sport—"The Sporting Life." Daily, 2d.

5 for 10D.

I find *satisfaction* in every puff of a Manikin—a soothing content in their fragrance and aroma.

Manikins are made without paper from the little delicate leaves that grow at the top of the plant—Ripe, Sweet Tobacco—Mild and Mellow, and Manikins are not expensive either—10d. buys five, each a *satisfying* delight.

MANIKIN
CIGARS
MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR
5 FOR 10D.
All Tobacconists Sell Manikins

COMPANY MEETING.

FURNESS, WITHY & CO.

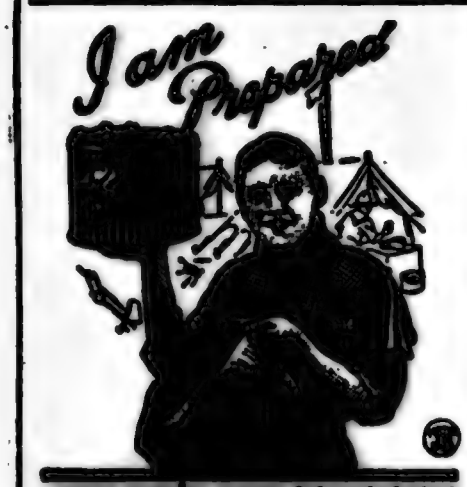
INCREASED DIVIDEND

The Thirty-Seventh Annual General Meeting of Furness, Withy and Co., Ltd., was held on July 25th, at Furness House, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.; SIR FREDERICK W. LEWIS, Bart., who presided, said that so far as the figures are concerned, including the amount brought forward from last year, there is a balance of £821,564 to the credit of the Profit and Loss Account as compared with £753,814. This is partly due to last year's increased carry forward, but all the same there is an actual increase in the trading profit of some £24,000, this in spite of the depression that exists in the Shipping Industry. He submitted that a final dividend be paid of 5 per cent., less tax, making 10 per cent. for the year. This compares with a distribution of 7½ per cent., free of tax, a year ago, and at the present rate of income tax is equal to a dividend of 8 per cent., free of tax, and therefore represents a slight increase. This recommendation will leave a balance of £421,564 to be carried forward to the current year's accounts.

"It is quite a customary thing to build up an increased carry forward in anticipation of a possible reduction in profits in the succeeding year, and while this is not in our minds in the present instance, I am frank to state that if it were it would not be unjustified by the continued depression with which we have to labour. I am well aware that this may appear to be inconsistent with the increase in our profits last year, but this increase is entirely due to the policy upon which our Company has been built up, and in fact the direct earnings of our Shipping property show a material reduction compared with the previous year. Speaking generally the various undertakings in which we have interests have prospered, and that is the explanation of our increased profit notwithstanding the general depression.

"The development of our business continues along normal lines in the belief that we must prepare ourselves for the improvement which will eventually come unless all preconceived ideas of trade cycles and precedents are to be confounded."

The report was unanimously adopted, and the dividend declared.



Foster Clark's
To make a Perfect Custard
the exact quantity of Custard Powder must be used. To ensure this, we have produced a 4½d. carton of Foster Clark's Custard containing 6 separate pint packets; each containing the exact quantity to make a pint Custard to perfection.
Foster Clark's Cream Custard

In Sunshine Ward

The IMPRISONED BANK-NOTES

by PHILIP INMAN

THE Hon. Elsie Mackay, who, it is presumed, perished in her attempted flight to America, left half a million pounds. Her family, not wishing to benefit from her death, have handed over her estate to the nation.

But they have imposed certain conditions. The capital sum and the interest are to accumulate for fifty years, and then the entire proceeds are to be used towards the extinction of our National Debt.

No one can quarrel with the sentiment which prompts that gift, but a good many people will disagree with the manner of its allocation—and I am one of them. Why imprison that money for fifty years? Why not let it do some good now?

The family of Miss Mackay are out to benefit posterity—so am I, but in a different way. What would I do with that £500,000? I would make impossible an experience I had not long ago.

I had a visit from a woman who came to enlist my aid. She told me of a girl who lived in the next room to herself, and who had just become a mother.

"There is no one to look after her," said my visitor, "for I am at work all day, and unless something is done soon, I am afraid that both the girl and her child will die."

Blood money

"Has she no parents or friends?" I enquired. My visitor shook her head. "She seems to have no one at all, and she is without money, too."

Within half an hour, with a doctor friend, I was climbing the dismal, dirty stairs of a house in a West End street. Each room in that house seemed to have its own occupant, for on every doorway was a grubby piece of cardboard with the name of the tenant upon it.

Profiteering in rents! Here was a flagrant case. There were at least thirty rooms in that building, and I discovered later that each tenant paid from two guineas to 12s. a week. Some of those rents were earned in blood money?

Eventually we reached the top floor, and we entered a bare and comfortless garret. The only furniture was a broken bedstead and a soap-box, which served as a washstand. The place was like an oven, for the only ventilation was a skylight through which the sun streamed.

Monument worth having

On that decrepit bedstead was the young mother, who looked at us with the eyes of a frightened schoolgirl. Feverishly she was clutching to herself a limp bit of life.

"Something has got to be done. Better get her into the hospital," said my friend. And an hour later the ambulance had carried her there. But when she arrived, her baby was dead.

Then started the fight for the mother's life, and only expert medical skill and careful nursing pulled her through.

One day she told me her story. She had lost her mother when she was twelve. Her father had married again, and there was no room for her in the home.

She came to London to find work as a waitress, and tried to keep respectable on a wage of 19s. a week. Out of this she had to pay 5s. a week for her food to her employer and 12s. a week rent. Was it any wonder that on life's battleground she soon became a casualty?

When she knew of her condition, she wanted to commit suicide, "but I hadn't the pluck," she told me.

"Why didn't you go into a hospital?" I enquired. "I tried to do so," she replied, "but at some of them there was no likelihood of a vacant bed, and at others I was asked for a letter of recommendation."

Philip Inman

So when the crisis came, she and her child shared the fate of that One for Whom "there was no room in the inn."

In my hospital we have a maternity department, where mothers can have their babies in safety and comfort. That privilege should be the right of every working mother.

Let us do a little bit of arithmetic. That £500,000 would produce £25,000 a year in interest. Every thousand pounds endows a bed for all time in a London hospital. Twenty-five beds could therefore be endowed every year, and in fifty years there would be 1,250 beds, all paid for and doing a magnificent work.

What a wonderful monument to Miss Mackay's memory! And the £500,000 would still be intact to be handed to the Chancellor for the National Debt.

The Sentence of the Court

CITIES *of* DREADFUL NOISE

Neville *and Our Nerves*

OWING to the din produced by an organ-grinder, a motor-bike imitating a machine-gun and a goods waggon which shook the Court like a drunk and disorderly earthquake, Neville Chamberlain's reply to a charge of neglect of duty was inaudible at the Press table.

"The fact that the accused can be seen and not heard is in itself evidence against him," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "for it is his shameful neglect which has rendered this hullabaloo possible.

"The accused is employed as Minister of Health, and we have it on high medical authority that one of the most serious dangers to health is excessive noise. Indeed, Professor Spooner assures us that the average economic loss due to the impairment of working capacity by noise is more than £1,000,000 a week.

"Even if this alarming toll were inevitable, as part of the price of progress in other directions, we might well ask if the game is worth the candle. But the plain fact is that fully 80 per cent. of the nerve-shattering din is absolutely unnecessary, and a very little legislation would produce a very large improvement.

"Any Health Minister worth his salt, much less the 'sugar' with which taxpayers provide him, would long ago have dealt with the street musicians who have taken the bloom off Bloomsbury and the honk-merchants who have made Tooting common, so common, in fact, that the sound of a motor-horn has long ceased to be a warning.

"While the Incompetent Order of Hornblowers cause dwellers in residential areas to curse through nerve-racking days and groan through sleepless nights, their strident blasts and hoots, through being so absurdly overdone, are often ignored by pedestrians, just as was the final shout of the boy who made a habit of crying 'Wolf!'"

"Other pests are selfish suburbanites who place loud-screechers at open windows, the Bright Young Hooligans of Mayfair with their noisy nocturnal pranks, church bells, street drills, and the lumbering, iron-shod juggernauts of commerce, whose damaging of the roads is only exceeded by their devastating of our nerves."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter said that any person whose health was affected by noises mentioned must be fragile enough to die of a chill caught through sitting near his bank overdraft. A great deal of nonsense was talked about noise. We were even told that it was responsible for the inability of the rising generation to concentrate on their lessons. But this same inability had afflicted the average healthy youngster long before the invention of the motor-car.

* * *

"In determining the effect of noise on health," said Mr. Justice Bull, "I must of necessity accept the evidence of medical men before the casual opinions of counsel, however eminent and eloquent.

"Most of the noises now destroying our health and tempers are the outcome of comparatively recent developments, such as the loud-speaker, which has introduced us to a new 'yeller' peril. Yet the laws relating to noise stand where they did before the prisoner appeared before an astounded world disguised as a statesman.

"As he himself apparently remains unaffected, I can only assume that his auditory nerves have been damaged by the din of the political arena, produced by the wagging of tireless jaws, the clacking of tongues in cheeks, the dropping of principles with dull thuds, the breaking of pledges, and the grinding of axes.

"But even if the prisoner's profession has rendered him tone deaf, this is no reason why he should remain blind to the sufferings of others. I therefore sentence him to two ears' hard labour in the Strand during rush hours for the next six months."

LISTEN TO MORE OF THE FINEST RECORDS OF THE DAY AND THIS TIME WIN £2000

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EAT MORE MILK IN CADBURY'S

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1½ glasses English full-cream milk in every ½lb.

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MILK CHOCOLATE

Accurate Syntheses of WORLD-FAMED Mineral Springs

For Successful and Inexpensive Home Treatment.

For the patient to take the "Cure" at one of the famous Continental Spas is regarded by most physicians as the treatment *par excellence* for many ailments. Where other remedies fail to make an impression, a course of the Waters is always beneficial and often results in an almost magical rejuvenation of body and brain.

For the majority a sojourn at the Spa is out of the question, whilst many patients also find the regular use of the imported water too expensive. Both obstacles are surmounted by using Bishop's Mineral Water Varalettes which are now being prescribed by doctors with gratifying success.

All the important Continental Spas are accurately represented, the medicinal constituents of each Spring having been ascertained by scientific analysis.

Two Bishop's Mineral Water Varalettes dissolved in half a tumbler of water produce a water which possesses all the curative properties of the Spring and has the same beneficial effect upon the malady for which it is taken. The cost will be found very modest indeed.

The following Springs are represented :—

Aix-les-Bains	Homburg	Royat
Carlsbad	Kissingen	Saint-Galmier
Contrexéville	Kreuznach	Seltzer, Soda
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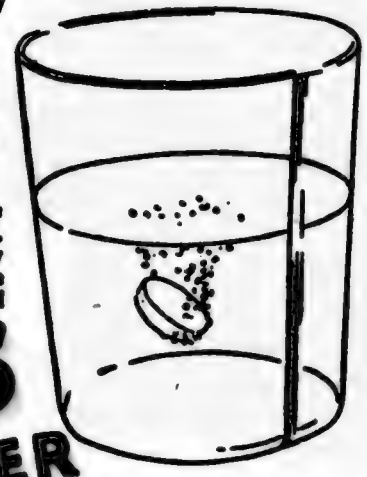
Friedrichshall	Potasz	Wiesbaden

For the medicinal properties of each of the above Springs and the maladies in which it is beneficial, hints on diet, etc., see Free Booklet—"How to enjoy Mineral Spring Treatment at Home." Select the "Cure" your health needs and TEST IT FREE!



BISHOP'S MINERAL WATER VARALETTES

Supplied in bottles of 50 for 1/9, or 150 for 3/9, by all Chemists.

A testing sample (please state Spring desired), also booklet: "How to Enjoy Mineral Spring Treatment at Home," sent gratis and post free on receipt of Coupon. Address: Alfred Bishop, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 50, Spelman Street, London, E.1.

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SEND THIS COUPON.

Please send sample of Bishop's Mineral Water Varalettes and Booklet to:

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Miracles Of Healing

Statements Sworn Before Local Solicitors

SENSATIONAL DISCLOSURES

MANY remarkable cases of healing stand to the credit of the world-renowned Zam-buk balm. In two recent cases the facts, on investigation, proved so astonishing that the proprietors of Zam-buk would only consent to publish them after the parties in question had embodied their statements in Declarations sworn on Oath before local solicitors.

Mr. Albert Ormrod, a corporation market porter, of 13, Field Street, Queen's Road, Miles Platting, Manchester, was cured by Zam-buk of a chronic ulcer of eight years' standing.

MR. A. ORMROD

In the sworn Declaration made before Mr. J. C. A. Gracie, of Manchester, Solicitor and Commissioner for Oaths, Mr. Ormrod states:—"When playing football in 1902, I was kicked on my left leg. An ulcer formed and quickly spread until it was half the size of my calf. The trouble continued for eight years, and I was more or less a cripple. The place resisted every form of treatment until I used Zam-buk, which drew out the corruption and grew new healthy skin. My leg has remained sound and strong as ever since."

Fourteen Years' Martyrdom

Mrs. S. J. Bannister, of 24, Baptist End Lane, Netherton, Dudley, has made a Sworn Declaration before Mr. Wm. Harper Bill, solicitor at Dudley, testifying that after 14 years' martyrdom from bad legs which nothing else would heal, it was only Zam-buk that built up new tissue and grew healthy skin.

Mrs. Bannister was induced to try Zam-buk through hearing of a woman whose poisoned foot had been miraculously healed by Zam-buk after seven operations had proved in vain.

* * *

10 YEARS' TRAVAIL

Went About Hiding His Face

A Stratford florist, Mr. A. Shadrack, of 23, Oxford Road, E.15, has passed through a very trying time. For ten years he was attacked by eczema on his face and hands. "I endured agony," he says, "and was ashamed to be seen. Zam-buk proved a wonderful soother and quickly rid me of the terrible scourge."

Zam-buk is of purely herbal origin and has had remarkable success as a first-aid and as a cure for skin disease.

* * *

A FAMILY BARGAIN

Benefits for "John Bull" Readers

Whereas formerly the very high cost of production of Zam-buk was a barrier to its employment in many chronic cases, this has now been got over and the medicinal properties of Zam-buk are within reach of the most modest purse.

The new Zam-buk 1/3 size contains half as much again as the old 1/3 size. This is equal to 7½d. worth more Zam-buk for the same money. The new 8/- size contains over three times the new 1/3 size and the extra large 5/- family size nearly seven times the quantity of the new 1/3 size. Ask your chemist for your new larger box to-day.

Words Winged to Women

A SMILE from the GRAVE

by MABEL HORNER

"But then there was a star danced and under it I was born."—BEATRICE, IN "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

NOT many hundred yards from where I sat writing this article on a hot summer afternoon the ashes of a great woman were being laid to rest.

The "Actors' Corner" in St. Paul's Churchyard, Covent Garden, will be for ever a hallowed spot to which women, not of this country only, but from all over the world, will make pilgrimage.

That is why it seems impossible to-day to think of any other theme but that of Dame Ellen Terry. I am not of the generation that saw her in her greatness as an actress. It is the woman Ellen Terry I remember.

And thinking of her, and as I saw her last, I marvel at some of the ideals held as admirable by some women of this generation.

For instance, the other day a woman writer discoursed on what she would or would not say if she were called upon to make a speech to girls on their school-leaving day.

A great point was made about avoiding all "womanly woman" talk. It was held to be simply silly, since girls were expected to come right out into the world, take their places among men and earn their own living, and perhaps that of others, in the rough and tumble of life that they should be urged to remain "womanly."

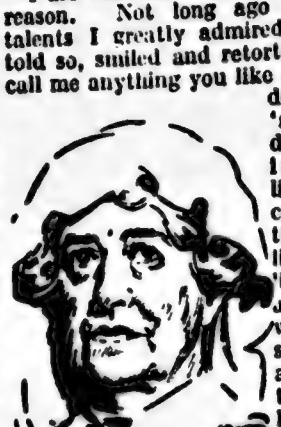
Woman's best asset

In the name of heaven and commonsense, why? Is there some superior charm in the male sex that women should wish to ape men? Is it, then, impossible for women to achieve success, and be great, and at the same time remain "womanly"?

For answer we remember Dame Ellen Terry. She was very great, so great as an actress that her fame was world-wide, and yet she remained "womanly."

She was beautiful, so beautiful that even in old age her fascination had not dwindled, and she cared for her beauty. She was gracious and loving and gentle and sweet.

I use that last word advisedly, for this reason. Not long ago a girl whose talents I greatly admired, and frankly told so, smiled and retorted, "You can call me anything you like so long as you don't call me 'sweet.' I truly don't mind being called a little devil; you can call me a thistle if you like; but I believe if I heard anyone say I was 'sweet' I should shriek. I abhor the thought of being looked on as 'gentle'!"



Dame Ellen Terry

Yet that girl married, for aught I know may even expect presently to become a mother. Pity the poor children born in such circumstances. They are not born in homes, for a home, a real home, presupposes a mother whose gentleness and sweetness cover the hurts of life with healing benediction.

Ellen Terry was such a mother. She drew hearts like a magnet and she had many lovers. Many of her most passionately devoted lovers were women.

Women loved Ellen Terry, for she was kind to women. She was interested to help along the younger feet to heights she had long ago climbed and left.

That is another great lesson her life has left, for women are not always kind to women.

I went to see her one day. It was just before her eightieth birthday. She was rather especially frail that day and was being persuaded to stay in bed. It might well have been that she would have excused herself, but that was not Dame Ellen's way.

No sooner did she hear that I was in the house than I must be sent for. She looked so lovely that I shall treasure the memory always. She was cheerful and gay. We talked as friends who had known each other for years. She had the gift of giving and receiving confidences.

Wonderful lesson

She told me many things about her past, busy life, and spoke always with unfailing kindness of those who were absent.

I think life must have dealt such a woman many blows, but she said nothing about them.

And afterwards she sent me her photograph, with a message written on the back in her handwriting.

Even now I cannot think of her as being "turned eighty." She was so vitally eager and alive and interested in everyday happenings.

This is another lesson she leaves us. There are ageing women—we all know them—who with their complaining and regrets make life a misery for all those with whom they come in contact.

But the final lesson was left for us to think of after her death. "No funeral gloom, my dears, when I am gone; corpse-gazing, tears, black raiment, graveyard grimness. Think of me as withdrawn into the dimness, Yours still, You mine. . . . And so to where I wait come gently on . . ."

So friends about the last disposal of her earthly self went in and about in their bright summer raiment, quietly cheerful, "sorrowing not as those without hope"—the lesson Christian people ought always to have taught, but have not always managed.

SIX *SMALL* CHILDREN

The Man who *Didn't* Think Them a Godsend

THERE are times when it is delightful, other times exactly the reverse, to get "more than you bargained for." John Hartley, the late inimitable writer of Yorkshire stories, tells of a man who fell into the latter category.

He was courting a widow to whom he had recently been introduced. He liked the look of her comfortable home. Sitting in the cosy parlour, a disturbing thought struck him.

"Hast 'a any children, Mary?" he asked. She shook her head mournfully. "Eh, I've had six," she sighed, "but they're all in t' churchyard."

After that the courtship proceeded merrily and the wedding-day was fixed. After the ceremony, at the breakfast-table, six hearty youngsters walked in.

They had only been playing in a disused churchyard near by, whither the wily widow had always banished them whenever her lover appeared!

Timely gift

Happily, even in these days, there are families as large as six, welcome as flowers in May when the babies come. But it is not always easy to meet the needs of the little flock and when illness or accident strikes the home the difficulties are doubled.

Mr. E. Baker, of 16, Ashford Street, Birmingham, is a family man, but he is also a registered reader of JOHN BULL.

When recently he suffered an accident which fractured a limb, he knew he was in for a bad time. He wrote to tell JOHN BULL of his trouble and received a substantial cheque as a gift under JOHN BULL's Free Insurance Scheme.

"I wish to thank you very much," he writes, "for the money arrived in time to tide us over a very bad time. As I have six small children you will appreciate the fact that it came as a veritable godsend."

Mrs. Winifred Aylott, of 71, Chatsworth Road, Stratford, is a registered reader who feels that in every copy of JOHN BULL she gets the best possible value.

But when she fell sick with an infectious illness at the very moment others were preparing to enjoy summer-time, she found she was to get "more than she bargained for"—this time in the pleasant sense.

Under the terms of the Free Insurance Scheme she received a welcome cheque, which astonished her by its promptitude.

"The money will enable me to have a week's holiday," she says, "which I badly need, but which otherwise would have been quite impossible.

"JOHN BULL is the best paper in the world, and I am recommending it to all my friends."

Sympathy also

The sympathy accompanying the gift is what struck Mrs. M. Conn, of 52, Melrose Street, Belfast, when she had occasion to ask for help as a registered reader.

"I shall never forget it," is her grateful comment. "I always will feel grateful, and also I shall recommend JOHN BULL to anyone I know."

This sincerest form of advertisement is constantly offered on the altar of JOHN BULL. Needless to say, it is the one JOHN BULL likes best!

And to obtain this timely aid in adversity, tendered, too, with every sympathetic consideration, all that is necessary is to *become a registered reader*. Isn't it worth while?

* * *

£500 OR A FREE HOLIDAY.—A "John Bull" reader returned from his holidays to find that he had won £300 in "Bullets." Page 31 shows how you can win £500 or one of the Twenty Big Holiday Prizes.

Human Documents

THE MAN *who* CAME BACK

Disfigured Lover—Lad Going Wrong—Slave-driving Mistress

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped, addressed envelope. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

I HAVE an uncle who, after a series of misfortunes, finally took to the road, but in the course of his wanderings he had from time to time been driven by illness to enter a certain institution.

"Strange to relate, upon the last occasion there happened to be an inmate of exactly the same name as that of my relative. The latter, after a stay of five or six weeks, was pronounced fit for discharge, but shortly following his departure the other man died.

"My aunt, not having heard from this tramp brother of hers for several months, was somewhat astounded to receive news of his death and a request to attend the institution in question for the purpose of identifying the body.

"Accompanied by a friend, my aunt set out on her distressing errand, but on being conducted to the mortuary by the master of the institution, and to the annoyance of the latter, she declared that some mistake had arisen and the man before them was not her brother.

"The master, with some heat, insisted that no such mistake was possible in that institution, and after a great deal of discussion on the subject, the records book was produced containing the names of her parents and likewise that of her own as her brother's next-of-kin.

THESE details, not unnaturally, convinced my aunt, and she attributed the changed appearance to illness and hardship experienced by my uncle during the last few months of his life.

"She received a death certificate from the institution, which she presented to the insurance company in which my uncle was insured and duly received the money due to her at his death.

"Several months later, a friend of the family, while staying in a Midland town frequented by my uncle in the past, was astonished to encounter him face to face.

"Thereupon a lengthy discussion ensued, when the revelation of the other inmate's presence in the institution suggested a simple solution to an otherwise perplexing situation.

"Now my aunt, not knowing her position in the matter, is uneasy for fear the facts become known to the insurance company by means of the gossip of neighbours when the agent is round collecting. What is the solution?"

"HUMANIST" says: *A very strange story. If your aunt defrayed the funeral expenses of the other man, she should notify the master of the institution of the mistake and lodge a claim for the amount expended and which the insurance company would naturally expect in return. If she explained matters to the agent he would, no doubt, arrange with his company for the balance to be paid by instalments.*

• • •

FIVE months ago I met with an accident whilst riding my motor-cycle. Proceeding along at a comparatively slow pace, I was amazed to see a cow's head in front of my head-light which was burning well. The man in charge gave me no warning, neither did he carry a light.

"The cow charged my light, its horn crashing into my face, ripping my cheek and fracturing the bone. My eyelids were almost torn off, and the injuries were of so extensive and serious a nature that for two weeks I hovered between life and death.

"One cannot speak too highly of the surgeon's skill, but owing to an injury of the facial nerve my smile is a crooked affair and a disfiguring scar will always remain.

"I appreciate the fact that my injuries did not prove fatal, but my chief remaining trouble is that no girl can surely care for me now.

"Before this happened, without declaring my feelings, I was in love with a sweet girl of whom I knew very little, but I was endeavouring to pave the way to advances.

"Now, if in company with any of her friends, she gives me a sweet smile when we meet in the street, but should she be alone she merely passes the time of day, nothing more.

"I know her to be shy, yet I cannot make up my mind whether this is the reason she does not stop and speak on any occasion we meet or whether she is shocked by my disfigurement. I am, therefore, fearful of making any overtures in the circumstances."

"HUMANIST" says: *If the girl loved you in the first place and is as sweet as you say, your disfigurement should not have altered her feelings towards you, but rather have strengthened them. Go ahead and declare yourself.*

• • •

"MY eldest son by a former marriage, who will be eighteen in September, was my parents' first grandchild. They became greatly attached to the boy and at the age of four desired that he should live with them.

Perverted Genius

"My mother, possessing means of her own, brought him up in the belief that he need never perform manual labour for a living, as he would always be well provided for during her life-time, and afterwards would inherit everything she possessed.

"About two years ago my mother met with a fatal accident and no will could be found; therefore, my son, being only a grandchild, had nothing, but he remained at the house with his aunt and grandfather, since when he appears to have set out on the downward path.

"He spent every penny on which he could lay his hands, and when he could not obtain money he stole goods from the shop, which he either sold or pledged. This continued until his stepfather urged me to bring him home.

"His behaviour since has become worse rather than better, for he sells other people's property, for which I have to pay, and although he has had splendid situations, he refuses to stay more than a few days.

"Only last week I took him down to see the probation officer, who cautioned him, but three days later he sold a neighbour's gramophone that he had borrowed.

"Three weeks ago he ordered a suit of clothes, for which I have had to pay four guineas. I cannot turn my own boy into the street, neither can I charge him, yet what am I to do?

"He is a likeable lad, bright and witty, and an accomplished pianist and singer."

"HUMANIST" says: *Truly a heart-rending experience for any parent. Take him to a psycho-analyst at the local nerve hospital and ascertain your boy's mental condition.*

"IS it not possible to safeguard the interests of girls in domestic service against the callous, slave-driving tactics of an employer?

Savage Mistress

"The employer is the proprietress of a boarding establishment on the south coast. She takes into her service girls from the country, since no local registry office or employment exchange will send her anyone.

"I was engaged by this person, but my experiences resulted in the termination of my service after one week.

"On my second day I was accused of stealing 2½ lb. of sugar, 2 lb. of soap and ½ lb. of tea. On this same day she beat a Welsh girl of seventeen so unmercifully that but for my intervention she might have sustained severe bodily injury.

"The food was poor and the beds uncomfortable. The lower regions of the house were also infested with mice and beetles. There was no comfort, and we were kept on the go between fifteen and seventeen hours every day.

"The woman refused me my wages in full, and I was obliged to apply to the police for my return fare."

"HUMANIST" says: *Certainly an appalling though happily an exceptional instance of an employer's behaviour towards her servants. Girls taking situations away from home should always get in touch with the Travellers' Aid Society, 6, Baker Street, W., or the local branch of the G.F.S., either of which would investigate the nature of the employment.*

• • •

The Glorious Dead

"I am an unemployed miner, married, and have four children. On the promise of work in another district I spent my all in moving, only to be told that it will be an indefinite time before I can be taken on. During the war I saw considerable foreign service, only to return to observe thousands spent on memorials to 'the glorious dead,' while their survivors slowly die for want of food."

"Humanist" says: *I agree that perhaps people have been over-zealous in the erection of war memorials, but the remedy for all our social ills is through the ballot-box. Brains combined with votes could put real men into office at the next election, and could get things done.*

Greedy

"I have a good maid who has not enjoyed good health and frequently has been confined to her bed. Two months ago she was taken ill and was away nine weeks, and I had to secure temporary help. She received insurance benefit, but I feel she expected her wages also."

"Humanist" says: *Your maid was not entitled to wages in addition to National Health Insurance. The object of the latter is to ensure a small income in the event of sickness.*

Loan or Gift?

"Just over five years ago I was compelled through unemployment to apply to the guardians for relief. They have now written demanding repayment, which in my present circumstances is impossible. Can they legally claim repayment?"

"Humanist" says: *When the relief is in the form of a financial loan it is repayable, but this is usually made clear at the time. Explain your circumstances to the relieving officer who will doubtless arrange with his Board to wait until you are in a better position to pay.*

HAPPY HOLIDAYS for 1/3

You feel so fine when you step out of the train and think of a whole fortnight's enjoyment before you.

And then, perhaps, the next day, and the day after, you are surprised. Somehow you don't feel quite as fit and full of spirits—just a trifle headachy, sluggish.

Don't take any chances with that precious holiday you've planned and saved for. Take a box of Feen-a-mint with you. You see, the stronger air often makes people constipated at first, and you can't be fit then. So chew one of these pleasant tablets your first few nights—and *insure* your holiday happiness. Get a box from your chemist to-day or from the manufacturers, 1/3d. post free.

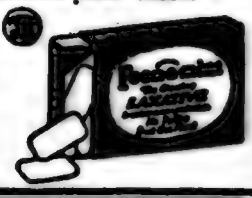
Feen-a-mint

THE LAXATIVE YOU CHEW

NO TASTE BUT THE MINT

Unrivalled for children and adults

FEEN-A-MINT PRODUCTS LTD. Bush House, London, W.C.2



Here they are!

You remember you said "Yes, do come for tea" —and now you wonder what on earth you can give them! You can always save the situation with

SAILOR SAVOURIES

POTTED MEATS—FISH PASTES

There are twelve delicious kinds

5½d 7½d 9½d

Made in the spotless kitchens of Angus Watson & Co. Ltd., The "Skippers" People.

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YOU CAN TELL A SPRATT'S FED DOG!

Bright of eye—enjoying every minute of life because of perfect health—and Spratt's crisp tasty biscuits and nourishing meals! There's good health in every Spratt's biscuit—health of body and brain. Your dealer sells Spratt's. See him to-day—for your dog's sake.

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DOG CAKES
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Is the name boldly printed on bags and the trademark X stamped on every genuine Spratt's biscuit. Write for helpful little booklet to:—
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BEST & PUREST

Our Letter Parliament

BURIED *before* DEATH!

Substitute for Flag-days—Deceitful Sales—First-class Folly

SIR ROBERT GOWER'S article, "The Tunnel of Agony" (JOHN BULL, July 21), gives the lead to concerted action on behalf of the pit ponies. At least one day in the week each pony should be brought to the surface and allowed the whole of it to have the free enjoyment of a large meadow to feed on fresh green grass and have full use of the opportunity to run and stretch its legs. This would only be an act of common humanity. But best of all, replace them by mechanical haulage.—*Animal Lover, Warminster.*

"Surprise" Visits

Your article on the shameful treatment of pit ponies is certainly needed. Your contributor mentions surprise visits by inspectors, and this is just what is needed. At present the inspector informs the management that he will inspect the mine on a certain date. The manager then gives orders to remove low timber, cut under the rails, supply fresh water, etc. The inspector then finds everything in order, and reports favourably.—*F. E. H., Wrexham.*

What a Life!

If pit ponies were able to speak, they would be loud in their praise to JOHN BULL for its firm stand on their behalf. Not only have they to work in dark and impure mines, with air grit-laden, but they have to suffer to such an extent that every year an average of nearly one in six employed is either killed or injured. Surely Sir Robert Gower is right when he says that a limit should be placed to the number of years a pony shall be employed underground.—*A. A. A., Fishguard.*

Are We Civilised?

Sir Robert Gower will perhaps shock readers who do not live near colliery districts, and have no idea of the cruelties perpetrated on the dumb animals. However, in this district such atrocities are common. What will the poor heathens think, on whom the Churches spend thousands of pounds a year in educating to be like British citizens in thought and deed? They will say, "Britain the land of the civilised! The jungle is far healthier for me."—*E. S., Barnsley.*

Beaters Barred

At the colliery where I have worked for years the ponies enjoy every consideration. Their stables are the finest I have ever seen, being lit with electric light, while there is an ostler in charge, both day and night. Also, every pony is examined before commencing and on returning from its eight-hour shift. Cuts and bruises are strictly accounted for, while beating ponies means instant dismissal.—"*Walmer,*" *Cinderford.*

Bring Them Up!

Those of us who are ignorant of such things ought to be grateful to Sir Robert Gower for describing the terrible conditions under which pit ponies live and the long hours they are made to work. Horses and ponies should not work underground at all. Besides, where electrical haulage has been substituted it has been proved to be more economical and more efficient.—*E. H. G., London.*

All-round Discredit

An Act prohibiting the use of our dumb friends in the coal mines is long overdue. That these poor animals should be taken away from their natural surroundings and condemned to a living death reflects no credit on the mineowners who refuse to alter the system of haulage nor on the Government which complacently refuses to banish by law the brutal system.—*M. B. F., Sunderland.*

Brief-to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published and one guinea for the most original and constructive. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Exit Flag-days

It has been suggested that flag-days should be abolished. Why not institute a "National Benevolent Week" in which every town should participate? Donations received during this special week might be shared by a number of deserving charities, previously decided upon by an independent representative committee. The cost of financing such a scheme would entail one initial administrative expense only, whereas a series of flag-days results in constant expenditure.—*S. W. B., Cambridge.*

[The above letter has been awarded the special prize of one guinea.]

Britain's Blot

The horrible revelations given by Mr. E. Roy Calvert in "Secret Executions" (JOHN BULL, July 21) should be sufficient to convert even the most ardent supporter of our murderous hanging system to a view more in keeping with our boasts of sportsmanship, to say nothing of our claims in regard to Christianity. The vilest tales of enemy atrocities during the war do not surpass, if, indeed, they equal, these ghastly things, perpetrated by our own people.—*J. J., Barry.*

A Woman's Job

In "Saviours of the Streets" (JOHN BULL, July 21), Miss Mabel Horner raises a point of paramount importance in asking why have we so few women police? Why, indeed, when terrible offences against girls and, more horrible still, against children are rife. To protect the innocent and the weak from this dastardly horror is essentially women's work, calling for all the tact and understanding peculiar to the sex.—*A. B. B., Winchcombe.*

Printers' Pie

[Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie."]

"STAR":—"They not only do not know of the fortune BUT ARE BARELY AWARE OF ITS EXISTENCE."

"BIRKENHEAD ADVERTISER":—"The eighty-second anniversary of the church was held last Sunday. THE CHAIR RENDERED ANTHEMS both morning and evening."

"HENDON AND FINCHLEY TIMES" (Advt.):—"JACOBEAN HAIR MATTRESS; baby's bath; offers."

"PEG'S COMPANION":—"Betty drew her EVENING CLOCK about her, and moved past him."

"SUNDAY PICTORIAL":—"—— gathered up the reins in one hand. His other arm was round her AND HIS FREE HAND CLASPING HERS."

"CAGE BIRDS" (Advt.):—"Young, full feathered jackdaws . . . little owls, 2s. 6d. each; THREE 2s. 3d."

"OLDHAM EVENING CHRONICLE":—"Lost, bunch of eleven keys. Finder SUITABLY REGARDED on returning same to ——."

"DAILY EXPRESS":—"The grandfather clock may have been dumb yet it SHOUTED AT THEM WITH A HUNDRED SILENT VOICES."

"DAILY MAIL":—"Mr. H. —— drove from the railway station in an open landau drawn by five horses, THREE IN FRONT AND TWO BEHIND."

Worth While

The Health Insurance societies have provided a striking example of the policy of prevention being better than cure. Their statistics prove that their sickness claims have been reduced by over 50 per cent. since they adopted the policy of providing dental treatment as an insurance benefit. Payments for dental treatment are amply covered by reduced sickness expenditure.—*D. A., Cheshire.*

Only for Hoppers!

Now that thousands of hop-pickers in East London are getting prepared, a protest against the quality of some of the food sold in the villages would not be amiss. I refer to corned beef, sausages, kippered herrings and wet fish. These foods are often condemned stuff that has been faked up and rushed into Kent to sell to poor hop-pickers at a knock-out price.—*J. C., London, E.*

Miners' Safeguard

I notice that out of the twenty-two claims paid in respect of fatal accidents by the *People* (July 8 issue) ten of these fatalities occurred in the mines. Facts like these alone should make our M.P.s adopt JOHN BULL'S policy, "Make the mines safer." So long as the present conditions exist, however, miners should take advantage of JOHN BULL'S free insurance scheme.—*Pax, Haswell.*

Sales Tales

Passing a large shop the other day, I noticed that the sales were on. All the coats and dresses in the window had prices marked on them. One coat was marked 25s.; usual price 79s., and others were similarly marked. If that coat could be sold for 25s. it was dead robbery to try and sell it once for 79s. If it was never worth it then it is flagrantly dishonest and deceitful to sell at 25s., making people think it worth more.—*J. H., Lancashire.*

Wagons or Wages

The railway companies have lost £4,500,000, and everyone is anxious. Famous general managers have denounced privately owned wagons as a "bane" and "curse" to British railways. Lines are choked, shunting yards congested, running costs increased by private wagons. We use 1,500,000 wagons to carry 340,000,000 tons of traffic yearly, while Germany hauls 470,000,000 tons five times the distance with only 700,000 wagons. Let's cut wagons to suit wages.—*D. M., Totteridge.*

Filming Peace

The Sutton Women's Local Government Association has passed the following resolution: "That this conference is of opinion that the tendency of many films to portray war in a false light and to encourage feelings of enmity between nations is very harmful to the rising generation, and should be discouraged by all possible means." This is the kind of thing that should be going on all over the country. The cinema will then become what common-sense people desire, a peace instrument.—*Peace Lover, Surrey.*

One Class

The railway companies are meeting their employees to consider the reduction of labour costs. Their successful competitors, the 'bus companies, run only one class, while the railway companies have two classes, first and third, their first-class carriages being invariably empty. Why should not the companies concentrate on the improvement of their third-class facilities, and stop wasting time, labour and money on building and running first-class rolling-stock?—*Economy, Scotland.*

This delicious breakfast dish has a tempting flavour —*all its own*

At breakfast, every morning, millions of folks all over the world enjoy the delicious, delicate flavour of Post Toasties; so delightfully different from anything else you ever tasted.

How jolly good to eat, with sugar and milk! You can add fruit if you like—fresh or tinned. Try half an apple, sliced; its gorgeous!

You buy Post Toasties ready to serve, oven-fresh and oven-crisp. Ask for them by name and be sure you get the big red and yellow packet.

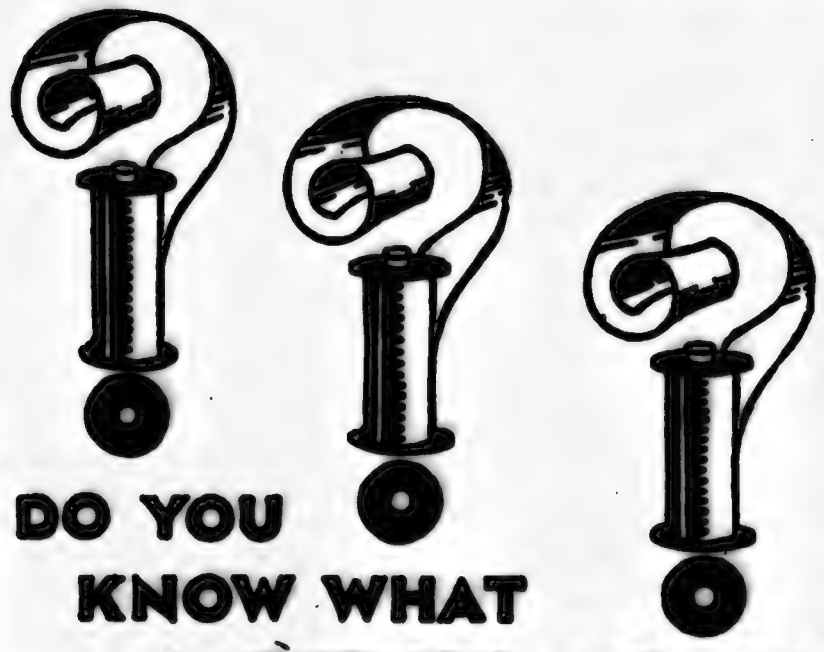
Food o' the Stalwart

Post Health Products

Post Toasties are one of the Post Health Products which also include Grape-Nuts, Postum, and Post's Bran Flakes.

POST TOASTIES

Double-Crisp INDIAN CORN FLAKES



DO YOU KNOW WHAT LATITUDE MEANS

Do you know what "latitude" means in a film? Well, it means that the film is easy-going, does its best to help you, won't insist on the letter of the law. So if you have given twice the exposure you ought to have given (or the other way round) the film will still print a sparkling picture. Kodak Film has this indulgent quality of latitude. It is kindly and optimistic, can be depended on to make the most of your exposures.

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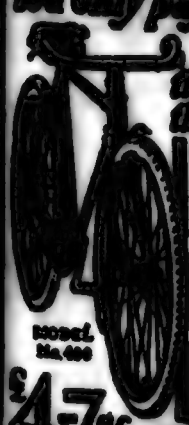
THE DEPENDABLE FILM IN THE YELLOW CARTON

FOR A HEAD START

You only pay 2/6

till you have ridden the bicycle a month



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MODEL No. 490

£4-7-6 CASH

Cycle Conveyancy (Dept. B 160) Birmingham

HOW TO GET RID OF INDIGESTION.

Those who suffer from indigestion, gastritis, acidity, flatulence, dyspepsia, heartburn, etc., will be glad to learn that instant relief can be obtained by taking half a teaspoonful of 'Bisurated' Magnesia powder, or two or three tablets, in a little water immediately after eating or whenever pain is felt. This instantly neutralises the acid that causes all the trouble, stops the fermentation, heals and soothes the inflamed stomach lining, and restores painless, normal digestion. Get a 1s. 3d. package of 'Bisurated' Magnesia of your chemist to-day; use as directed, and you will soon be telling your friends how you got rid of indigestion.

BREAD AND SUNSHINE

Try "Skippers" spread on bread or toast for a delicious and nourishing meal. The sun blazing down on the sea multiplies the food on which these tasty little fish thrive, storing "Skippers" with the vitalising power of the sun. Get some and try them to-day.

"Skippers"

In purest Olive Oil or choice Tomato.

ANGUS WATSON & CO., LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

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No Limit on Singles, Doubles, Accumulators.

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Don't Delay, Write To-day.

5, DRURY STREET, GLASGOW.

"DUGGIE NEVER OWES."

"... *safe as the Bank.*"
JOHN BULL, 24th March, 1928.

Why not back your fancy with

"THE BIG TWO"

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BEST PRICES LAID ON ALL FUTURE EVENTS.

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Your Winnings sent by Return of Post!

WE PAY ALL POSTAGES.

No Deductions!
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Best for Big Events
AT GOODWOOD
Watch Maid of Perth

THIS week's sport at Goodwood marks the half-way stage of the flat-racing season, and I hope that JOHN BULL readers who take stock are on the right side of the ledger.

RACING is always "hard going" for the punter, but followers of my notes this year should be on top. The Code selections have shown a profit on a level stake from the "off," and during the past six weeks the big race winners have been popping up for us.

IT is worth noting at Goodwood that favourites are the genuine article. Taking a glance through a number of years, I find that they average 50 per cent. winners at a round price of 6 to 4. They are not a golden road to fortune, but pay exes.

THE acceptances for most of the events are excellent, but I only intend to refer to one or two, as the drought, if it continues, will "dry up" the number of starters. Invaders from France have had a lean time this year, and although there are a number of French-breds in the two long-distance races, the Stakes and the Cup, there is not one left in which is trained on the other side of the water.

MY pair, Maid of Perth and Royal Pom, are engaged in both races, so I shall have to take pot-luck with them. Maid of Perth appeared to me to be running on well at the finish of Apelle's Anniversary Cup at Sandown. She ran away with the Ascot Gold Vase—over two miles—and evidently stamina is her strong suit. Royal Pom should be backed each-way for whichever event he goes for.

THE Rous Memorial Stakes had an entry of 155, when it closed as far back as August, 1926, but the two forfeits have cut this figure to 19. It is one of the few events which aids a charity; the three sovereign forfeits go to the Rous Memorial Fund. Tiffin and Mr. Jinks may fight their Sandown Park battle over again, but I shall stand on The Black Abbot, who is reputed to be a smasher.

F. Darling, trainer of The Black Abbot

THE Chesterfield Cup, the tit-bit of the final day, recalls the days of the public idol, Dean Swift, owned by Mr. J. B. Joel. At his first attempt he ran third, with 9 st. 2 lb., was second a few years later with 9 st. 7 lb., third in 1910 with 9 st. 2 lb. again, and then won the race the following year with 8 st. 3 lb. in the saddle. The spoils fell to him as a ten-year-old.

MR. SOLLY JOEL holds the key to the situation this time with Fohanaun, Pantera, and Trelawny. In view of Fohanaun's burden, I expect he will be represented by Trelawny. The son of Son-in-law—Polkerris is sure to be a money-spinner in due course. If I have to revise any of my selections, I will do so in the Code.

FAIRWAY rewarded me for sticking to him by his runaway victory in the Eclipse. He is now likely to be all the rage for the St. Leger, but I think backers who take the odds on offer—7 to 2—will be ill-advised. I would rather back Felstead at the price. The Derby winner's stamina is unquestioned, but there is a big doubt in the case of Lord Derby's champion.

TIME will probably show that Fairway's best distance, like that of his full brother Pharos, is ten furlongs. In any event, the last of the "Classics" is a long way ahead, and there is quite likely to be another Royal Lancer among the hundred horses remaining in the race. Fairway's stamina index is 10.61 furlongs. There are a number that can beat this.

"I'LL lay 10 to 1 Il Soriso de Sabato" is a mouthful for any bookmaker to shout. The owner has done a kindly act by re-naming the four-year-old. In the heat of the moment "Il Soriso" became Hotasell. It rolls off the tongue, but is not a good effort at nomenclature, which is an art in itself. However, Hotasell is fast, and, according to my Northern Correspondent, will be winning shortly.

GOOD names for horses are few and far between, which is probably the reason that they catch the eye when you come across them. I noticed in the recent issue of the *Calendar* that the two-year-old colt by Ellangowan, out of All Out, who caused a surprise at Lingfield, has been listed as Tenth Wicket. Tenth Wicket is bright. The youngster is useful, too, particularly over six or seven furlongs.

IT should pay to keep an eye on Prince Meteor, the crack Irish two-year-old, who has been purchased by Mr. W. T. Sears, and is now in F. Leach, Junior's, team, at Newmarket. The "Prince" has had three outings in the Emerald Isle, and on each occasion has won with ridiculous ease.

ANOTHER youngster I suggest as worth following is the Waiontha Colt. He ran third to my selection Tiffin at Sandown Park, but would have given the first and second a harder race if he had not met with misfortune. He jumped a patch of turf which had caught fire and thus became unbalanced.

WEISSDORN did not have the best of luck over here; but the German stable is going to have another try with Oleander, who is also owned by the Baron Oppenheim. This horse has carried everything before him so far in Germany and Austria, and is being sent to France for a number of races, after which he will be tried on our tracks.

THERE will be another late start—three o'clock—at "Ally Pally" on Saturday. I suggest for the meeting Dazzler—very unlucky on London Cup day—Scheria Colt, and Linkman.

"SILVER RING."

TWO coded selections will be given *daily in the "Sporting Life."*

C A G M Y E 3 F T W R N D J
X Q H Z K L V P U O 2 S I B

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in *The Sporting Life* read those above or below the line, as the case may be. F2DW2K FQ2Y would read PRIORY PARK

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, August 1, to Tuesday, August 7.

In addition to "Silver Ring's" code tips, *The Sporting Life* publishes two selections daily sent out by the racing experts of *The Sporting Life Weekly Edition*. Don't miss them.

"Bullets" Prize-winners
(Continued from page 31.)

30 Prizes of £5 each:

J. L. Childs, 96, Chatsworth Road, Morecambe.
R. Coombe, 9, Queen Street, Newton Abbot.
A. H. Cronk, 339, Meadow Lane, Oxford.
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W. H. Deans, 4, Leopold Street, Sunderland.
J. Duncan, 8, Craigieckhart Road, Edinburgh.
F. Downes, 225, Cross Road, Coventry.
C. Edward, 163, Murchison Road, Leyton.
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J. M. Guinness, Electric Works, Shilbottle.
E. W. Harford, 11, Maple Road, Romford.
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W. G. Turner, 16, Roland Grove, Hadsworth, Yorks.
H. Wigg, 14, Zetnatt Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey.
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A complete list of £20 2/6 Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £250 awarded to the Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 681 will be on view in the window of Mr. Arthur Jones, 230, High Road, West Gorton, Manchester.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 682.

THE NATION'S FUTURE
IN THE KRAFTSMAN
GILLETTE THE MACHINE
LIKE A HOLIDAY
CLEVER DENTIST
WORTH TRYING
A PICNIC
COMING TO GRIEF
SHOOTING
FRESH AIR
ON THE PLAINS
FIELDS
COMING HOME
PREPARING
STRAINS NEVER
PROUD POINT
GILLETTES
CHARGING CHEST
READY TO USE
"IT MUST COME"
TRYING TO KEEP COOL

CASSELL'S TABLETS SOON MADE THEM WELL

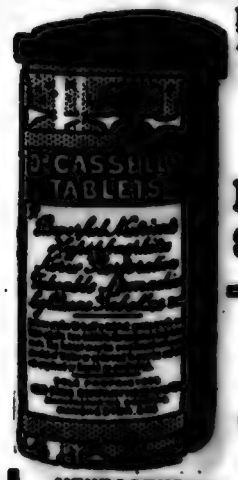
INDIGESTION COMPLETELY GONE
I FEEL A NEW WOMAN OVER AGAIN
I FEEL A NEW WOMAN
NOW I FEEL MYSELF AGAIN
NERVES ARE GREAT—HEALTH TIP-TOP
AS FREE FROM NERVES AS THE STRONGEST
INSOMNIA GONE NERVES EVENER ALL ROUND BUCKING-UP
QUITE WELL AGAIN THANKS TO CASSELLS
PAIN COMPLETELY DISAPPEARED A NEW MAN
PAINS HAVE ENTIRELY GONE
NOW I FEEL REALLY WELL AND STRONG

NOT A PALLIATIVE OR STIMULANT BUT A REAL TONIC

CASSELL'S BUILD UP STRENGTH BY NOURISHMENT

Are you
NERVY?
TIRED?
HEADACHY?
DYSPEPTIC?
GLOOMY?
PALE FACED?
IRRITABLE?
Shake off your weakness with
CASSELLS TABLETS

There are two ways of securing the nourishment and rest which is *necessary* for the cure of nervous and digestive troubles. (1) A long stay in a nursing home with special diet. (2) A course of a good tonic, getting as much rest as possible, and avoiding worry. This way meets most cases, *when* the tonic is Cassell's Tablets. Many preparations sold as tonics are merely stimulants and pick-me-ups. Avoid them. They will make you weaker. Cassell's Tablets *strengthen by nourishment*. They contain Hypophosphites, Digestive Enzymes, etc., to build up depleted nerve cells, enrich the blood and stimulate the digestion. Cassell's are not miracle workers—but they are constantly restoring health when many 'overnight' cures have failed—as thousands have testified. Give them a fair trial—get a box to-day, and *you too* will be writing to thank us for your regained strength and happiness.



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FAMILY SIZE 3/-

FOR ALL NERVE and DIGESTIVE COMPLAINTS including

NEURASTHENIA — NEURALGIA
HEADACHES — INSOMNIA
BREAKDOWN — INDIGESTION
PALPITATION
FLATULENCE — ANÆMIA

WONDERFUL RESULTS IN SERIOUS CASES

NERVE & DIGESTIVE COLLAPSE. Complete Recovery.

"I had suffered for years with serious indigestion. The pain I endured was sometimes so great that I felt afraid to eat anything. Wind came in volumes, and splitting headaches hardly ever ceased. I was dreadfully nervous and would jump at a sound and never knew what it was to have a real night's rest. After meals I went dizzy. One day my sister urged me to take Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and I am glad I took her advice, for my health began to improve almost from the first box. I could sleep, then appetite improved, and I could eat without having to suffer. I kept on taking Cassell's. Now I feel really well and strong." (Photo above.) Mrs. C. Rex, 4, Charlotte Terrace, Barnsbury, N.1.

OTHER REMEDIES FAILED.

"Up to a few weeks ago I suffered from acute nervous pains and habits. Having tried a number of 'sure cure' preparations without any benefit derived, I came to the conclusion there was no absolute cure for my nerves, until one day a friend of mine told me to give Dr. Cassell's Tablets a trial. Great was my surprise when after the first box I found a great improvement in my whole system, and now I am as free from nerves as the strongest of people. I never hesitate to recommend your Tablets."—J. S. Warner, 6, Malita Villas, Ballards Lane, Finchley, N.3.

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JOHN BULL Replies

THERE are people about who seek to make profit out of misfortune. Those who meet with accident are eagerly sought out and so-called "legal" advice offered, as shown in the article on page 8. Don't be had by these "benefactors." Send particulars (written in ink), with stamped, addressed envelope, to JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service, and professional advice on which you can rely will be given, free.

* * * * * *

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

FLORA (Wrexham).—"My fiancé says I am one of a thousand." The Sheik!

G. M. (Iver).—"I sent you an article on well-sinking." It was very boring.

GEO. G. (Birmingham).—"My friends say I have a liquid voice." Bass?

G. B. (Dover).—"How do they tune saxophones?" They don't.

L. E. (Bristol).—"People are losing interest in the theatre." Lots of people have lost capital there, too.

D. A. (Sheffield).—"I'll call on you when you're not busy." There's no such time.

C. E. (Teddington).—"I work partly in the village and partly in London." You don't sound all there.

MRS. T. (Marylebone).—"I first met my husband at a cricket match." Well caught.

G. N. (Sutton).—"A man needs an iron constitution to make money." And a brass face.

B. B. (Hanwell).—"My office-boy sings while working." Ours does neither, so it might be worse.

JACK F. (Netley).—"My fiancée is a very athletic girl." Do you mean she jumps to conclusions?

T. H. (Tottenham).—"I promise to call on you again soon." That's not a promise. That's a threat.

A. S. (Taunton).—"People don't interest me." We know why. You don't interest people.

M. D. (Hampstead).—"My wife has stopped me from speaking in public." Has she pinched your soap-box?

G. V. (Paddington).—"I am investing some money in a going concern." Better find out which way it is going.

A. C. (Taplow).—"I have a conscience." Good. Most people just have a fear of what other people will say about them.

T. P. (Gosport).—"How is it that you are always out when I call?" Just luck, we suppose.

J. D. (Clacton).—"I presume you would like to see me personally." Yes, you do presume.

N. T. (Cheshunt).—"May I speak to you on the 'elephone?" Yes, but you'll have to get permission from exchange first.

L. T. (London, N.).—"He weighs twenty stone and never seems to do any work." Perhaps he sits on trunks when people are packing for their holidays.

F. T. (H-H).—"I feel the heat here very much." We cannot make out whether the second letter in your address is an "e" or a "u."

H. G. (Cardiff).—"We found a dear little house with all conveniences in a lovely neighbourhood and very cheap." Enough to make you go h. and c. all over.

P. B. (St. Pancras).—"People say I am clever." Then they can't be, either.

L. B. R. (Oxford).—"I am not a curious woman." Then you are a curiosity.

CECIL (Hythe).—"I go down to my fiancé's house every day after dinner." Won't they give you any at home?

BOB (Wivenhoe).—"A girl made a fool of me when I was only sixteen." Great Scott, fancy it lasting all this time.

L. B. (Elmstead).—"Can you tell characters from handwriting?" No, and it's lucky for you we can't.

D. M. (Fife).—"Men do not grow after the age of twenty-four." Oh yes they do. They grow horizontally.

S. J. (Edmonton).—"Experience is the best school." But the fees are rather high.

MRS. C. (Hendon).—"I have a splendid method of keeping tiresome kiddies in order." That's a spanking idea.

M. S. (Clacton).—"Whilst playing bowls a bee stung my ear." We would like to see a bee playing bowls.

H. T. (Worthing).—"I'll call and tell you all I know." Is such a very brief visit worth while?

T. C. (Jarrow).—"I am engaged to a Scotsman." How does he treat you? Reluctantly?

J. P. (Victoria).—"I know how the land lies." It is generally the estate-agent who lies.

B. M. (Balham).—"I am sending you a little poem." Its size is its only good point.

T. R. (Carlisle).—"Will you listen to my complaints if I ring you up?" No. See a doctor about your complaints.

H. N. F. (Southport).—"Which are the Great Powers?" Britain, France, America, Germany, and Mussolini.

W. G. (Bootle).—"I read my poem to my wife." And now, we suppose, she has gone back to mother.

O. L. S. (Thirsk).—"I once bought a ticket in a raffle for my wife." So that's how you got her!

D. C. (Cardiff).—"Do you think jazz is dying?" Well, it sounds as though it was in mortal agony.

G. N. (Streatham).—"Even the big policeman was once a little baby." We should love to see a baby policeman.

A. B. (Hayes).—"There is nothing to prevent me getting to the top of the ladder." Except the ladder.

R. A. (Walton).—"What would you say if your wife talked to you from midnight until two in the morning?" "Yes, my dear!"

T. C. (Hurst).—"The married man doesn't object to his wife wearing her frocks a little shorter." That is if she will wear them a little shorter a good deal longer.

JAZZ MUSICIAN (Failsworth).—"Saxophones are still very dear." Cheers!

G. B. (Chilworth).—"He died at 102." Years, or miles per hour?

G. L. (Rusholm).—"I could scribble on like this for ever." Don't be pessimistic, you may improve.

T. B. (Mansfield).—"I feel for the poor people you tell us about." But we notice you don't feel in your pocket!

S. D. I. (Scarborough).—"They gave me a cheque for £5 for my lecture." Chit for chat!

MILLIE (Rotherham).—"I didn't want to say 'Yes,' but he made me." Squeezed it out of you, in fact.

A. N. R. (Bury).—"I am looking for a home near a golf course." But if you play golf, why do you want a home?

B. A. (Swansea).—"What's the best thing to give one's mother-in-law for lunch?" A bit of tongue.

B. L. (Winchester).—"Had Claude Duval any good points?" Yes. He had the decency to wear a mask.

C. W. (Leytonstone).—"Love your neighbour as yourself." Impossible. Ours chances to be a tax-collector.

D. H. (Durham).—"Don't you think suicide reprehensible?" Certainly. It takes all the life out of a fellow.

MOTHER (Cork).—"My little son won't let me hear him say his prayers." Well, they're not addressed to you, you know.

E. C. Y. (Wandsworth).—"Are second-hand motor-cycles reliable?" Certainly, as far as they go.

S. E. (E. Dulwich).—"Young men are fools." Now we are sure you are not in the sere and yellow leaf.

E. T. D. (Chesham).—"Now I will prove to you why Communism is right." We take your letter as Red.

M. W. (Manchester).—"Don't you think you're overpraised?" No, but we're sure we're over-rated.

R. F. (Uxbridge).—"I backed fifteen losers running." They couldn't have been running very fast.

"COUNTRY LASS" (Wrigglesworth).—"I often wonder what you townsmen miss most." The last train and 'bus.

MRS. D. (Maidenhead).—"I am a very outspoken woman." But seldom, we imagine, out-talked.

T. M. (Sheffield).—"My word's as good as anybody else's." Make your words better and win the *Bullets* £500 this week.

F. H. (Eccles).—"Did you state in your paper that I was a fool?" We never print stale news.

S. A. (Kenley).—"You can have the enclosed painting for half the catalogue price." What is the price of the catalogue?

T. T. (Hendon).—"I went to the aerial display and got a bad crick in the neck." Now you had better go down a coal mine.

A. D. (Hounslow).—"Of course I can go faster than when you passed me this morning?" Only you feel, of course, you must stay with your car.

JESSIE (Cambridge).—"I don't like my fiancée to kiss me before all the other girls." No doubt if you ask him he would be delighted to kiss them first.

MRS. P. (Bradford).—"She told me an awful story about my husband." That should be useful when you want a new hat.

J. L. (Falkirk).—"Do explorers often die in Central Africa?" No, only once.

T. S. (Salop).—"Which is the chief virtue?" Virtue.

MISS S. (Charlton).—"I get very fat" tigged after dancing." Even your spelling seems all shook up!

G. P. (Farnborough).—"I haven't yet found energy for a real push." Then you mustn't be surprised if you get one.

C. C. (Taunton).—"Marriage won't be happy until woman learns how to forget and forgive." And man to get and give.

D. F. (Carnforth).—"I often wish I was dead and out of it all." Didn't you marry her? Or did you?

ARTHUR (Hastings).—"Any nice girl would do for me." Yes, and with a sledge hammer if she was sensible.

G. C. (Balham).—"I rode in my car all day." We know; you took one of those shilling all-day tram tickets.

B. E. (Carlisle).—"Alcohol will always be valuable for keeping things." Unless they are secrets.

N. A. (Retford).—"My heart is always in my work." You'll find it pay better to put your hands into it.

MINNIE (Frome).—"If I have been kissed that's my business." How's business?

E. B. (Sudbury).—"I now feel I've put my money on a dark horse." That's no light matter.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

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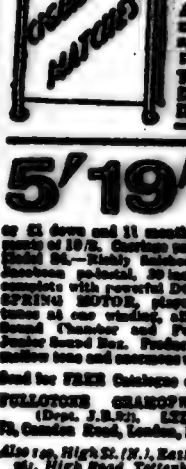

AUTOMATIC CIGARETTE MACHINES

SEEING CURE TO HER SLOTS.

Some machines are earning £3—£4 per week in quite ordinary positions.

This statement is based on actual facts.

We have installed hundreds of our machines at Shops, Garages, Hotels, etc. Why not at yours?

PRICES from £6 to £60

Any machine installed on payment of £1 deposit. Balance spread over twelve equal monthly payments.

The British (Cigarette) Automatic Machines Company, 2-6, Whitehall Road, Thornton Heath, LONDON

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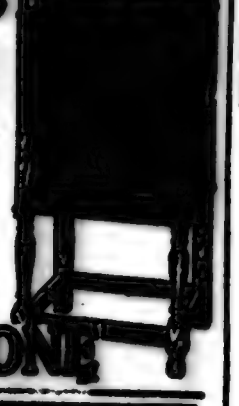
or £1 down and 11 monthly payments of 10/6. Carriage paid G.B. Cash 56/-. Richly finished OAK Gentleman pedestal, 30 ins. high, complete with powerful DOUBLE SPRING MOTOR, plays three tunes at one winding, all metal Sound Chamber and Polished Jumbo Sound Box. Produces pure mellow tone and enormous volume.

Send for FREE Catalogue or call.

FULLOTONE GRAMOPHONES, (Dept. J.B.27), LTD. 72, Camden Road, London, N.W.1.

Also at 149, High St. (N.), East Ham, 361, High Road, Tottenham, 21, George St., Croydon, and 312/314, Argyle St., Glasgow.



FULLOTONE

FREEMANS

Celebrated

SPARE TIME AGENCY

CASH OR CREDIT

Books, Coat's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes & Underwear, Carpets, Linos, Drapery, Overmantels, Blankets, Jewellery, Wardrobes, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents. Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission paid.

Illustrated Coloured Catalogues.

NO OUTLAY, ALL PROFIT.

Enquiries for Agency Invited.

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

How to Stop Smoking

Many men spend 10/- or more a week on tobacco and cigarettes; how much could you save if you gave up smoking? You will save not only the money you use now wasting but your nerves and general health, giving you sounder sleep, a better appetite and altogether a brighter outlook on life. Thousands have mastered the heavy smoking habit quickly, permanently, by help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. The Editor of "Health and Efficiency" says:—"It is a pleasure to recommend such a method which brings freedom from the tyranny of tobacco." Think what it would mean to YOU in health and pocket to be done with Tobacco, and write to-day for booklet and particulars of this genuine treatment.—The Stanley Institute (Room 21) 21, Warwick Lane, London, E.C.4.

"The Greatest of These . . . ."

SAD CONTRASTS

The *Finishing* Touch

ALL up and down our coasts, during these holiday months, happy family groups can be seen playing on the sea-shore. Brown-legged, sturdy children of all ages are absorbed in the joys of digging in the sands, bathing, paddling or shrimping.

The father, released from his work for a week or fortnight, revels in his children's companionship. The mother smilingly watches as she rests on the sands, taking care of the family's belongings.

Alas, there are countless unemployed to whom a family holiday is out of the question. There are widows struggling to bring back to health their sick little ones, who are in need of suitable clothing, suitable food, suitable housing, let alone a holiday by the sea.

Here is a case of a widow, a mother of five young children. Her late husband was an ex-Service man and was wounded in the head at the battle of Gaza.

He died two years ago, and his wife is struggling to bring up the children on her widow's pension of 27s. per week.

"Last February my baby was taken very ill with pneumonia," she writes, "and when he was getting better, the doctor ordered plenty of nourishing food. I did my best for him, of course. Later he had another attack of bronchial catarrh. Last month I was taken very ill with diphtheria."

"I got out of bed as soon as I could," she adds, "but I can hardly crawl, and the doctor has ordered me plenty of good food and rest, not to work for some time, and above all, not to worry.

"I can't help but worry when I see the five hungry little ones round the table, and I am now worried because I did not try to carry on with JOHN BULL and get the benefit I could now have. But God knows I could not spare twopence a week. I have to watch every farthing."

She concludes pathetically by saying, "I have not asked for help in the last two years from anybody, but it is the sickness that finishes me."

It is now up to our subscribers to "The Greatest of These——" Fund to see to it that this sickness does not "finish" her. It is their great opportunity.

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Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to* The Hon. Secretary, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

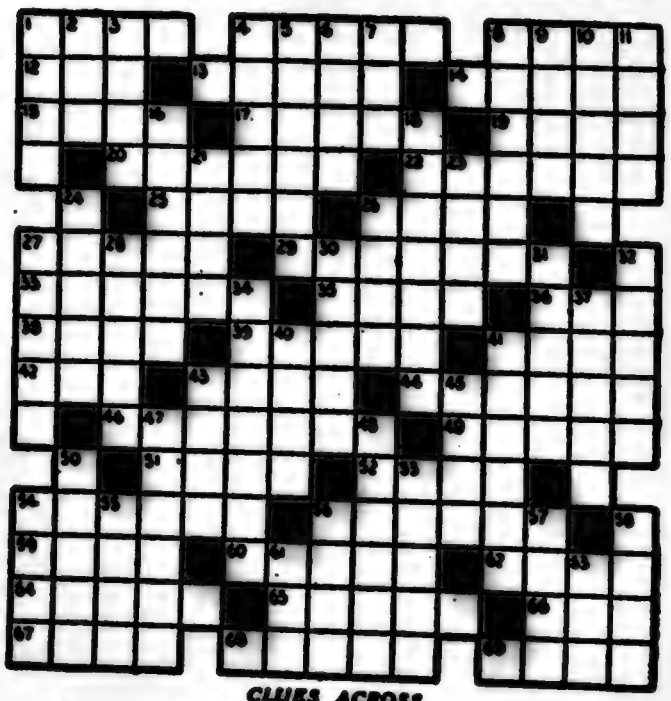
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

J. W. S. B. (Brechin), 6d.; "Outside Left" (Bath, Ayrshire), 1s.; "Mick," 2s. 6d.; F. P. (Gloucester), 2s. 6d.; "A Poor Woman," 1s.; T. Powell (Burnley), 6d.; B. A. Eccles (Horsforth, near Leeds), 1s.; Mr. G. Spreadbury (Belvedere), 5s.; M. B. (Bedford), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. F. Mason (Ibsworth, Leicester), 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Bettera (Welwyn Garden City), 1s.; A. T. (Merton), 2s. 6d.; A. Shaw (Marple Bridge), 1s.; Mr. J. H. Gorton (Farnworth, near Bolton), 1s.; "Bulleteer," 1s.; Anon., 5s.; "Young Scot" (Glasgow), 5s.; C. S. (Edinburgh), 1s.; "Southend Nurse," 2s. 2d.; "Prittlewell," 1s. 1d.; Mr. G. H. Munford (Portsmouth), 2s. 6d.; Mr. F. Franklin (Ulanbhum, India), £1; 1s. 4d.; Mr. J. Ritchie (Elgin), 5s.; "Julia E." (Romford), 6d.; Miss Mary Thompson (Ripon), 5s.; "Jessie" (Melton Mowbray), 2s. 6d.; M. G., 1s.; Anon. (Northiam, Sussex), 2s. 6d.; L. P. Turner (Orpington), 2s. 6d.; W. L. (Moreton-in-Marsh), 2s.; "With Love" (Leeds), 1s.; No. 33 (Scissett), 2s.; A Sympathiser (Chester), 1s.; One on the Dole (Bury), 2s.; Anon. (Bristol), 15s.; "Pinh Hoh," 10s.; M. Strawson (Moss Side, Manchester), 5s.; "Jumping Joshua" (Enfield), 2s.; Mrs. A. K. Farmer (Hedge End, Southampton), 3d.; C. B. (Norwich), 6d.; H. J. Stevens (Thornton Heath), 6d.; "Chorley's Ninth," 2s.; Mrs. Simond (Dundee), 6d.; L. V. A. (Reigate), 1s.; Mrs. L. Needham (Shoreham-by-Sea), 1s.; Lily Robinson (Rathmines, Dublin), 1s. 6d.; Mrs. A. Brinkner (Tufnell Park), 1s.; Appre., 10s.; E. W. (Cambridge), 2s. 6d.; The Merry Crew, 2s.; "Silverstead" (Kolcer), 2s.; In Memory of Our Boy (Farnham, Surrey), 2s. 6d.; "?" (Acton, W.3), 1s. 6d.; E. L. Cording (Twyford, Berks), 6s.; M. P. (Glasgow), 5s. 6d.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

Our Cross-Word Corner

For HOME or HOLIDAY



CLUES ACROSS

1. Track.
4. Flow gently.
8. To grate.
12. Monkey.
13. Commerce.
14. State reception.
15. Fierce.
17. Repent.
19. Large cup.
20. The core.
22. Bricklayer's tool.
25. A levy.
26. Wound mark.
27. Joyous shout.
29. Nil.
33. An idler.
35. Earth.
36. Fish spawn.
38. Throw out.
39. Pertaining to Arius.
41. Molten rock-matter.
42. Consumed.
43. Leg-joint.
44. Outer slope of fortification.
46. Perils.
49. Relating to.
51. A crucifix.
52. Heroic.
54. Tuberous vegetable.
56. Bundle.
58. Urchin.
60. Hangman's rope.
62. Vetch.
64. String instrument.
65. Waste matter.
66. A metal.
67. Vegetable.
68. Between 12 and 20.
69. A clan.

CLUES DOWN

1. Go by.
2. Liable.
3. Hard wood.
4. Permit.
5. Kind of triangular sail.
6. A god.
7. Lair.
8. Reincarnated.
9. State.
10. Drain.
11. A roll of parchment.
16. Deprived of
18. Kind of engraving.
21. Scarce.
23. To inveigh.
24. Loud cry.
26. A porch.
27. A disguise.
28. Relieved.
30. A reed.
31. Favour.
32. Smallest.
34. Burmese district.
37. Pertaining to sheep.
40. Wind instrument.
41. Surgical instrument.
43. A tie.
45. Pertaining to a layman.
47. Fit for ploughing.
48. Suitable time.
50. Asiatic peninsular.
53. Printing machine.
54. Set of bounds.
55. Lofty.
56. A small interstice.
57. Deceased.
58. Curved.
61. Poem.
63. Tear.

The solution of our last week's Puzzle will be found on this page.

PARENTHOOD: DESIGN OR ACCIDENT

A Manual of Birth Control

By MICHAEL FIELDING

Preface by **H. G. WELLS** *Five Diagrams*

"When the adult citizen has gone through these pages he or she will have all the mastery of his or her sexual self that knowledge can give."—*From H. G. Wells' preface.*

Paper 1s. Postage 1d. is 1s. Cloth 2s. 6d.

The Labour Publishing Co., Ltd. Dept. 128, 25, Great Ormond Street, London, W.C.1

PILES PYLITA

Taken in warm water or milk.

Price of Carton 2/- and 3/6 per box.

1. *Guaranteed* Harmless to the System.
2. Cure worst operation cases.
3. Blind and Bleeding Piles; cure speedily and

A Doctor, M.D., says:—"I tried your 'Pylita' powders on a very bad case of long suffering, and in one week, after the patient had taken one powder a day, the Piles had entirely disappeared."

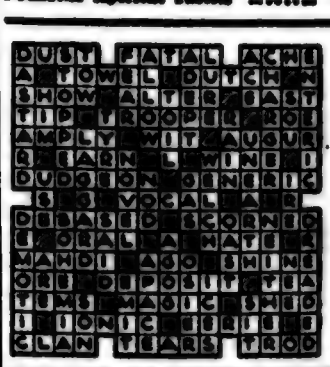
A Gentleman writes from New York:—"I have a few boxes of your 'Pylita' Powders in a drug store, and they have cured me from Piles."

Of all Chemists, or direct from Sole Proprietors G. S. HUMPHREYS & SONS (Dept. 12), 22, Grey's Inn Road, London, W.C.1. Established.

PYLITA Ointment ..... 1/- per tin
PYLITA Aperient Tablets ..... 6d. per tin

A FREE OFFER.

On page 21 in this issue a free sample of Bishop's Mineral Water Varalettes, together with a free booklet, "How to Enjoy Mineral Spring Treatment at Home," are offered to readers of "John Bull" who forward the coupon appearing in the advertisement. Send this at once; write clearly, giving name and full postal address, and be sure to mark your application "Dept. J.B."



Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle in our last issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 682.

FIRST PRIZE OF £500:

Mrs. B. SHED, 6, Acre Cottages, Staples Green, Kent.

Example:—WHEN WE'RE ALL DEAD
Bullet:—LIFE EXPENDED—OR EXPANDED?

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. E. E. BAKER, "Steward," Shortenhampstead, Devon.

Example:—THE CHEAPEST
Bullet:—CHOSEN, BECAUSE "NO CHOICE."

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. G. MAXWELL, 21, Cross Lane, Shenfield.
Example:—THANKS TO VONONOFF
Bullet:—UNNECESSARY—LOOK AFTER YOUTH.

20 Prizes of £2 each:

J. ANKERS, 122, Mersey Road, Widnes, Lancs. "WHAT IS WORK, DADDY?"—FATHER "FULL UP" THEN.

S. BOYCE, 30, Duke Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea. ALL ALIKE—TEACHER IMAGINES—LACKING IMAGINATION.

E. CALDWELL, 7, Langness Street, Clayton, Manchester. PAUL PRY—LIVES OPPOSITE—I'VE WATCHED.

T. CHALMERS, 7, Kirk Road, Wishaw, Lanark. TOO MANY HUSBANDS—HOME TOO *Early* NOW.

W. R. COCHRAN, Calderhace, Midcalder, Midlothian. THE SPEAKER—AUTOCRAT—KEEPING DEMOCRACY SAFE.

D. EDMUNDS, 19, Metcalf Street, Caerau, Bridgend, Glam. VEIL OF SECRECY—PEACE'S "COMPLEXION" BETTER WITHOUT.

W. H. GODDEN, 9, Springfield Road, Swindon, Wilts. SIMPLE FOLK—CATCHING, NOT SELLING FISH.

E. HURST, 6/17, Cranworth Gardens, Brixton, S.W. IDEAL HOLIDAY—"SITTING OUT"—SUNBEAMS "DANCING."

T. JACKSON, 93, Addison Road, Fleetwood, Lancs. HIS CONSTITUENTS—"BUTTERED"—THEN, "ON TOAST."

J. E. KITSON, 45, Balfour Street, Hanley, Staffs. "WHAT IS WORK, DADDY?"—"I FORGET—ENGLAND FORGOT!"

R. LAIRD, 2E, Mavisbank Place, Airdrie, N.B. VEIL OF SECRECY—MUSN'T BECOME JUSTICE'S "SHROUD."

Mrs. P. LEIGH, 2, Bk. Ferry Road, Barrow-in-Furness. A SEAWAYAY—BRITISH SHIP'S ONLY BRITISHER.

R. V. LEWIS, "Durham House," Caerphilly Road, Cardiff. AMERICAN INVASION—LONDON SEEING "BRITISH CAPITAL."

F. L. MILLARD, 49, Wiltshire Road, London, S.W. IS FLYING DANGEROUS?—INJURED PEDESTRIANS WERE DISCUSSING.

E. L. PAYNE, 30, Western Street, Bedford. PINNACLE OF FAME—MISSED—WENT "OVER TOP."

W. RUST, Ropsley, Nr. Grantham. BEFORE PARLIAMENT — ECONOMY — BEHIND ECONOMY, NATION.

H. F. SMITH, 62, Liberton Brae, Edinburgh. THANKS TO VONONOFF—THE OLD FOGE. "PROPOSED."

S. THOMPSON, 98, Knighton Fields Road West, Leicester. "WHAT IS WORK, DADDY?"—GRADUALLY REPLACING "WHERE'S DADDY?"
(Entered on "Targets" Prize Coupon.)

B. WESTLEY, 1, Dungar Terrace, Kingstown, Co. Dublin. THANKS TO VONONOFF—KICKING NEPHEW—NOT BUCKET.

C. F. WRIGHT, 40, Allotment Street, Rochdale. A MASTERPIECE—OFTEN NEGLECTED—BRITISH "LANDSCAPE."

(Continued on page 36.)

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" 685.

FOR THE WORLD
THE GOVERNMENT'S HOLIDAY
MAN IN THE LIMELIGHT
AS ILLUSTRATED
AT BIRTH
MAGIC WAND
IN THE MAKING
"NOT GUILTY!"
PACKING UP
CHILD FARMING
WHEN THE TOTE COMES
LEFT AT HOME
FLOATING A COMPANY
MASTER CRIMINAL
MORNING DIP
FORGETTING EVERYTHING
DOCTOR SUNSHINE
I THINK
ALMOST HUMAN
DEBT OF HONOUR
SQUALLS
AN ACHIEVEMENT
NO SHORTAGE
ELUSIVE
INTERNATIONAL GAME
TURNING POINT
PLUMBING THE DEPTHS
CLOSING DOWN
SOMETHING TO COME
SIGNAL OF DISTRESS
HOLIDAY RUSH
ARE FLAPPERS FOOLISH?

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagent from whom the winners of the first three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 685 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

THERE is nothing difficult about *Bullets*. All you have to do is this. Select any of the *Examples* below—then give any TWO, THREE, or FOUR words with some bearing upon it. Three recent Prize-winners were:—

Bullet:—HOLIDAY FEVER — *Example*:—APPLY "FLANNELS"—BATHE FREQUENTLY.
Bullet:—WHEN FATHER LOSES — *Example*:—BE ELSEWHERE, ELSE BEWARE.
Bullet:—A PROBLEM — *Example*:—WIFE.—BUT ALSO SOLUTION.

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6D. FOR EACH COUPON USED.—See Rule 2.

Address Coupons:—"Bullets" No. 685, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 16.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(685) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 16.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(685) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

Use Two, Three or Four words. Enter name and address on each coupon.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 16.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(685) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 16.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(685) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper,

The Mail Order Market

A PERFECT POSTAL SERVICE FOR BARGAIN-HUNTERS

PAY FOR YOUR HOLIDAY SUIT AS YOU WEAR IT

Each Suit is Cut and Made to your OWN MEASUREMENTS from the new Season's Cloths. NO DEPOSIT. Delivered on payment of first instalment of 7/- and then pay 7/- monthly until you have paid in all **52/6**

Featherweight RAINCOATS from 19/6. Money refunded if unsatisfactory. Before placing your order elsewhere, call or write for Patterns, Style Book and Self Measurement Form to— Established 1901

J.B. THORNE & CO.

24, Lancaster St., London, W.1.

(Only one address; Regent House (1st floor), 14, Hanover-Square (opp. G.P.O.).

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Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to* The Hon. Secretary, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

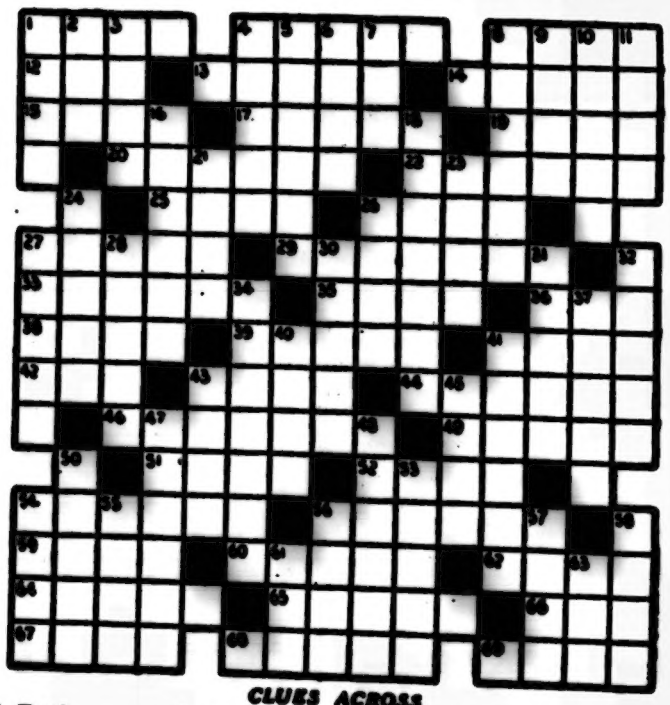
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

J. W. S. B. (Brechin), 6d.; "Outside Left" (Bath, Ayrshire), 1s.; "Mick," 2s. 6d.; F. P. (Gloucester), 2s. 6d.; "A Poor Woman," 1s.; T. Powell (Burnley), 6d.; B. A. Eccles (Horsforth, near Leeds), 1s.; Mr. G. Spreadbury (Belvedere), 5s.; M. B. (Bedford) 2s. 6d.; Mrs. F. Mason (Ilkworth, Leicester), 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Setters (Welwyn Garden City), 1s.; A. T. (Merton), 2s. 6d.; A. Shaw (Marple Bridge), 1s.; Mr. J. H. Gorton (Farnworth, near Bolton), 1s.; "Bulleteer," 1s.; Anon., 5s.; "Young Scot" (Glasgow), 8s.; C. S. (Edinburgh), 1s.; "Southend Nurse," 2s. 2d.; "Prittlewell," 1s. 1d.; Mr. G. H. Munford (Portsmouth), 2s. 6d.; Mr. E. Franklin (Manbhum, India), £1 11s. 4d.; Mr. J. Ritchie (Elgin), 5s.; "Julia E." (Romford), 6d.; Miss Mary Thompson (Ripon), 5s.; "Jessie" (Melton Mowbray), 2s. 6d.; M. C., 1s.; Anon. (Northiam, Sussex) 2s. 6d.; L. R. Turner (Orpington), 2s. 6d.; W. L. (Moreton-in-Marsh), 2s.; "With Love" (Leeds), 1s.; No. 33 (Scissett), 2s.; A Sympathiser (Chester), 1s.; One on the Dole (Bury), 2s.; Anon. (Bristol), 15s.; "Pink Hoh," 10s.; M. Strawson (Moss side, Manchester), 5s.; "Jumping Joshua" (Enfield), 2s.; Mrs. A. K. Farmer (Hedge End, Southampton), 2d.; C. B. (Norwich), 6d.; H. J. Stevens (Thornton Heath), 6d.; "Chorley's Ninth," 2s.; Mrs. Simond (Dundee), 6d.; L. V. A. (Reigate), 1s.; Mrs. L. Needham (Shoreham-by-Sea), 1s.; Lily Robinson (Rathmines, Dublin), 1s. 6d.; Mrs. A. Brinkner (Tufnell Park), 1s.; Appre., 10s.; E. W. (Cambridge), 2s. 6d.; The Merry Crew, 8s.; "Silverstead" (Kolcen), 2s.; In Memory of Our Boy (Farnham, Surrey), 2s. 6d.; "P" (Acton, W.3), 1s. 6d.; E. L. Cording (Twyford, Berks), 6s.; M. P. (Glasgow), 5s. 6d.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

Our Cross-Word Corner

For HOME or HOLIDAY



CLUES ACROSS

1. Track.
4. Flow gently.
8. To grate.
12. Monkey.
13. Commerce.
14. State reception.
15. Pierce.
17. Repent.
19. Large cup.
20. The core.
22. Bricklayer's tool.
25. A levy.
26. Wound mark.
27. Joyous shout.
29. Nil.
33. An idler.
35. Earth.
36. Fish spawn.
38. Throw out.
39. Pertaining to Arius.
41. Molten rock-matter.
42. Consumed.
43. Log (plur.).
44. Outer slope of fortification.
46. Perils.
48. Relating to.
51. A crucifix.
52. Heroic.
54. Tuberous vegetable.
56. Bundle.
59. Urchin.
60. Hangman's rope.
62. Vetch.
64. String instrument.
65. Waste matter.
66. A metal.
67. Vegetable.
68. Between 12 and 20.
69. A clan.

CLUES DOWN

1. Go by.
2. Liable.
3. Hard wood.
4. Permit.
5. Kind of triangular sail.
6. A god.
7. Lair.
8. Reincarnated.
9. State.
10. Drain.
11. A roll of parchment.
16. Deprived of
18. Kind of engraving.
21. Scarce.
23. To inveigh.
24. Loud cry.
26. A porch.
27. A disguise.
28. Relieved.
30. A reed.
31. Favour.
32. Smallest.
34. Burmese district.
37. Pertaining to sheep.
40. Wind instrument.
41. Surgical instrument.
43. A tie.
45. Pertaining to a layman.
47. Fit for ploughing.
48. Suitable time.
50. Asiatic peninsular.
53. Printing machine.
54. Set of bounds.
55. Lofty.
58. A small interstice.
57. Deceased.
58. Curved.
61. Poem.
63. Tear.

The solution of our last week's Puzzle will be found on this page.

PARENTHOOD: DESIGN OR ACCIDENT

A Manual of Birth Control

By MICHAEL FIELDING

Preface by H. G. WELLS Five Diagrams

"When the adult citizen has gone through these pages he or she will have all the mastery of his or her sexual self that knowledge can give."—From *H. G. Wells'* preface.

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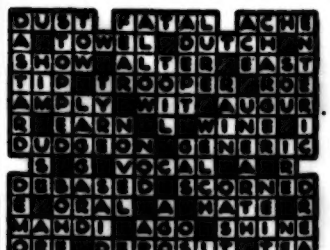

Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle in our last issue.

A FREE OFFER.

On page 21 in this issue a free sample of Bishop's Mineral Water Varalettes, together with a free booklet, "How to Enjoy Mineral Spring Treatment at Home," are offered to readers of "John Bull" who forward the coupon appearing in the advertisement. Send this at once; write clearly, giving name and full postal address, and be sure to mark your application "Dept. J.B."

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 682.

FIRST PRIZE OF £300:

Mrs. B. SHED, 6, Acre Cottages, Shades Green, Kent.
Example :—WHEN WE'RE ALL DEAD
Bullet :—LIFE EXPENDED—OR EXPANDED?

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. E. E. BAKER, "Steyned," Hawkinchampstead, Devon.
Example :—THE CHEAPEST
Bullet :—CHOSEN, BECAUSE "NO CHOICE."

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. G. MAXWELL, 21, Genoa Lane, Shenfield.
Example :—THANKS TO VOROSHOFF
Bullet :—UNNECESSARY—LOOK AFTER YOUTH.

20 Prizes of £6 each:

J. ANKERS, 122, Mersey Road, Widnes, Lancs. "WHAT IS WORK, DADDY?"—FATHER "FULL UP" THEN.
S. BOYCE, 39, Duke Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea. ALL ALIKE—TEACHER IMAGINES—LACKING IMAGINATION.
E. CALDWELL, 7, Langness Street, Clayton, Manchester. PAUL PRY—LIVES OPPOSITE—I'VE WATCHED.
T. CHALMERS, 7, Kirk Road, Wishaw, Lanark. TOO MANY HUSBANDS—HOME TOO *Early* NOW.
W. R. COCHRAN, Calderhace, Midcalder, Midlothian. THE SPEAKER—AUTOCRAT—KEEPING DEMOCRACY SAFE.
D. EDMUNDS, 19, Metcalf Street, Caerau, Bridgend, Glam. VEIL OF SECRECY—PEACE'S "COMPLEXION" BETTER WITHOUT.
W. H. GODDEN, 9, Springfield Road, Swindon, Wilts. SIMPLE FOLK—CATCHING, NOT SELLING FISH.
E. HURST, 6/17, Cranworth Gardens, Brixton, S.W. IDEAL HOLIDAY—"SITTING OUT"—SUNBEAMS "DANCING."
T. JACKSON, 93, Addison Road, Fleetwood, Lancs. HIS CONSTITUENTS—"BUTTERED"—THEN, "ON TOAST."
J. E. KITSON, 45, Balfour Street, Hanley, Staffs. "WHAT IS WORK, DADDY?"—"I FORGET—ENGLAND FORGOT!"
E. LAIRD, 2E, Mavisbank Place, Airdrie, N.B. VEIL OF SECRECY—MUSN'T BECOME JUSTICE'S "SHROUD."
MRS. P. LEIGH, 2, Bk. Ferry Road, Barrow-in-Furness. A STOWAWAY—BRITISH SHIP'S ONLY BRITISHER.
H. V. LEWIS, "Durham House," Caerphilly Road, Cardiff. AMERICAN INVASION—LONDON SEEING "BRITISH CAPITAL."
P. L. MILLARD, 49, Wiltshire Road, London, S.W. IS FLYING DANGEROUS?—INJURED PEDESTRIANS WERE DISCUSSING.
R. L. PAYNE, 30, Western Street, Bedford. PINNACLE OF FAME—MISSED—WENT "OVER TOP."
W. RUST, Ropsley, Nr. Grantham. BEFORE PARLIAMENT — ECONOMY — BEHIND ECONOMY, NATION.
H. P. SMITH, 62, Liberton Brae, Edinburgh. THANKS TO VOROSHOFF—THE OLD FOOL "PROPOSED."
S. THOMPSON, 98, Knighton Fields Road West, Leicester. "WHAT IS WORK, DADDY?"—GRADUALLY REPLACING "WHERE'S DADDY?"
(Entered on "Targets" Prize Coupon.)
O. WESTLEY, 1, Dungar Terrace, Kingstown, Co. Dublin. THANKS TO VOROSHOFF—KICKING NEIGHBOUR—NOT BUCKET.
C. E. WRIGHT, 40, Allotment Street, Rochdale. A MASTERPIECE—OFTEN NEGLECTED—BRITISH "LANDSCAPE."

(Continued on page 36.)

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" 685.

FOR THE WORLD
THE GOVERNMENT'S HOLIDAY
MAN IN THE LIMELIGHT
AS ILLUSTRATED
AT BIRTH
MAGIC WAND
IN THE MAKING
"NOT GUILTY!"
PACKING UP
CHILD FAMINE
WHEN THE TOTE COMES
LEFT AT HOME
FLOATING A COMPANY
MASTER CRIMINAL
MORNING DIP
FORGETTING EVERYTHING
DOCTOR SUNSHINE
I THINK
ALMOST HUMAN
DEBT OF HONOUR
SQUALLS
AN ACHIEVEMENT
NO SHORTAGE
ELUSIVE
INTERNATIONAL GAME
TURNING POINT
PLUMBING THE DEPTHS
CLOSING DOWN
SOMETHING TO COME
SIGNAL OF DISTRESS
HOLIDAY RUSH
ARE FLAPPERS FOOLISH?

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

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Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagent from whose the winners of the first three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 685 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

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THERE is nothing difficult about *Bullets*. All you have to do is this. Select any of the *Examples* below—then give any TWO, THREE, or FOUR words with some bearing upon it. Three recent Prize-winners were :—

Bullet :—HOLIDAY FEVER
Bullet :—WHEN FATHER LOSES
Bullet :—A PROBLEM
Example :—APPLY "FLANNELS"—BATHE FREQUENTLY.
Example :—BE ELSEWHERE, ELSE BEWARE.
Example :—WIFE.—BUT ALSO SOLUTION.

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6D. FOR EACH COUPON USED.—See Rule 2.

Address Coupons :—"Bullets" No. 685, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 16.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(685) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 16.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(685) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Use Two, Three or Four words. Enter name and address on each coupon.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 16.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(685) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 16.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(685) P.O. No. _____
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Signed _____
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